

Indignation, we must perish from the right way; and, if we be conscious of having spoken lightly of Him, how great must be our terrour, when He shall appear as we know He will, as King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, bearing a name which no one knoweth but His self! Our enquiries therefore should be carried on earnestly rather than rapidly; and I hope you will find in the Tracts I herewith transmit you on this subject, and in which you are concerned (the Letter on your Discourse on the Importance of free Enquiry, and the Dialogues on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity,) that I have not written inconsiderately. Should either the Motto to my present Work appear arrogant, or any of my expressions harsh, I must beg the former may be ascribed to the style of your own Mottos, and the latter not to any personal Ill Will to a Writer I never saw, and perhaps never may, but to what I have met with in your different Tracts in the present controversy, and I am sure, if you seriously reflect, how freely you have treated Luke the Evangelist, Paul the Apostle, and even the Blessed Saviour of the World Himself, you will not readily take offence at any thing written of you, by

Your humble servant,

And sincere Well-Wisher,

E. W. WHITAKER

A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
H Y M N S.  
F O R  
S O C I A L W O R S H I P:

More particularly designed for the Use of the  
T A B E R N A C L E and C H A P E L  
C O N G R E G A T I O N S I N L O N D O N.

---

By G E O R G E W H I T E F I E L D,

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford,

A N D

Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

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*Sing ye Praises with Understanding, Ps. xlviii. 7.*

---

T H E T H I R T Y - F O U R T H E D I T I O N,

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L O N D O N:

Printed by H E N R Y C O C K;

Sold at the Chapel, Tottenham-Court Road; and at  
the Tabernacle near Moorfields

M. D C C. X C I.



THE A. D. C. COLLEGE

OF THE

SOCIAL WORK

IN THE

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# P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

**I**F thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee, that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshipers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to Him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lyes, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded.—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be  
A avoid-

## P R E F A C E.

avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelation, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

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AN HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination Office.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,  
*And lighten with Celestial Fire;*  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
*Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart;*  
Thy blessed Uction from above,  
*Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love*  
Illumine with perpetual Light  
*The Dulness of our blinded Sight.*  
Anoint and cheer our soiled Face  
*With the Abundance of thy Grace.*  
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at home ;  
*Where thou art Guide, no Ill can come.*  
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
*And Thee, of both, to be but One ;*  
That through the Ages all along,  
*This, this may be our endless Song ;*

Praise God, from whom all Blessings  
flow,  
Praise, Him, all Creatures here below ;  
Praise, Him, above, ye heav'nly Host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

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# H Y M N S

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## FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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### H Y M N I.

At the Opening of Worship.

**N**OW may the Spirit's holy Fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting Family inspire  
With Joy, and Peace, and Love!

Thee we the Comforter confess;  
Unless thou'rt present here,  
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,  
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise and come;  
Blow on the drooping Field;  
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,  
And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch with a living Coal the Lip  
That shall proclaim thy Word;  
And bid each awful Hearer keep  
Attention to the Lord.

Hasten the Restitution-Day,  
Which now Corruption shrouds;  
New Heav'ns and new Earth display,  
With Jesus in the Clouds.

## H Y M N II. The Same,

**F**AR from our Thoughts, vain World, be  
 Let our religious Hours alone ; [gone,  
 O may our Eyes our Saviour see !  
 We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with holy Fire,  
 And kindle there a pure Desire ;  
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above ;  
 And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !  
 How sweet thy Entertainments are !  
 Never did Angels taste, above,  
 Redceming Grace, and dying Love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine !  
 In thee thy Father's Glories shine :  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

## H Y M N III.

## P U B L I C W O R S H I P.

**L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy Feet we humbly bow ;  
 Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,  
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?  
 Lord, on thee our Souls depend ;  
 In Compassion now descend ;  
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,  
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,  
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
'Till a Blessing thou bestow ;  
Send some Message from thy Word,  
That may Joy and Peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the Time of Joy return ;  
Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
Make them strong in Faith and Hope ;  
Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God supremely kind :  
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV. The Same.

COME, worship at Immanuel's Feet,  
See in his Face what Wonders meet ;  
Words are too feeble to express  
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies,  
Where Storms and Tempests never rise ;  
Where he unveils his lovely Face,  
And shines and reigns the God of Grace ?

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,  
Nor Heav'n, his full Resemblance bears ;  
His Beauties we can never trace  
Till we behold him Face to Face.

## H Y M N V. Invitation.

**H**ITHER, ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,  
 A Sin-disorder'd trembling Throng;  
 To you the Gospel calls, to you  
 Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons  
 Derive no Blessings from this Tree;  
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,  
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd,  
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;  
 Our punishment he took, he bore,  
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake, each Heart, arise, each Soul,  
 And join the blissful Choirs above:  
 May nothing tune our future Song,  
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love!

## H Y M N VI. The Same.

**S**INNERS, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,  
 Haste to the Supper of our Lord;  
 Be wise to know your glorious Day,  
 All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own  
 And kiss his late-returning Son;  
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,  
Just now the stony Heart to move ;  
T' apply, and witness with the Blood,  
And wash, and seal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest Estate ;  
Tuning their Harps, they long to praise  
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,  
To Happiness in Christ restor'd :  
His proffer'd Benefits embrace.  
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

H Y M N VII. The Same.

**L**ET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,  
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,  
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL sounds  
With an inviting Voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving Souls,  
That feed upon the Wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly Toys  
To fill an empty Mind ;

Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd  
A Soul-reviving Feast,  
And bids our longing Appetites  
The rich Provision taste.



Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging Thirst  
With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love  
Are everlasting Mines,  
Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL GRACE  
Stand open Night and Day ;  
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,  
And drive our Wants away.

H. Y. M. N. VIII. Thanksgiving.

**B**LESS, O my Soul, the living God,  
Call home thy Thoughts that rove a-  
Let all the Pow'rs within me join [broad ;  
In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;  
His Favours claim thy highest Praise :  
Why should the Wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son  
To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the Ransom, and forgives  
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;  
His Mercy crowns our growing Years ;

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,  
And fills our Souls with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess,  
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace:  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In Work and Worship so divine.

# H Y M N IX. The Same.

**M**Y Soul, repeat his Praise,  
Whose Mercies are so great;  
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the Ground we tread;  
So far the Riches of his Grace  
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his Name,  
Is such as tender Parents feel:  
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,  
Or like the Morning Flow'r;  
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,  
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,  
To endless Years endure;  
And Children's Children ever find  
Thy Word of Promise sure.

## H Y M N X.

GOD's Goodness to his People.

**T**HE Lord supplies his People's Need,  
 Jehovah is his Name ;  
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed  
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,  
 When they forsake his Ways ;  
 And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,  
 In Paths of Truth and Grace

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,  
 His Presence is their Stay ;  
 A Word of his supporting Breath  
 Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes  
 Doth still their Table spread ;  
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,  
 His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God  
 Attend us all our Days :

O may his House be our Abode,  
 And all our Work his Praise !

## H Y M N XI. Morning Worship.

**O** Lord, how many are our Foes,  
 In this weak State of Flesh and Blood !  
 Our Peace they daily discompose,  
 But our Defence and Hope is God,

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,  
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;  
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,  
 And thine almighty Help was nigh.  
 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,  
 We laid us down and slept secure;  
 Not Death should make our Hearts afraid,  
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.  
 But God sustain'd us all the Night!  
 Salvation doth to God belong:  
 He rais'd our Head to see the Light,  
 And he shall have our Morning Song.

H Y M N XII. The Same.

**R**ISE, our Souls, to praise the Care  
 Of Jesus true and good:  
 Sing to him whose Robes appear  
 As newly dipt in Blood:  
 By his Pow'r we live to see  
 The Dawning of another Day:  
 Farther favour'd may we be,  
 When here no more we stay.  
 O may we in Righteousness,  
 In Jesu's Arms awake;  
 And the Joys the Saints possess,  
 With them ere long partake!  
 With our common Father sit,  
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise  
 (Bowing down before his Feet)  
 The Riches of his Grace.

H Y M N XIII. The Same.

COME, let us adore  
The Lord's gracious Hand  
(Our Great GOVERNOR,)

Who gave a Command  
And Charge to his Angels  
To watch round our Bed,  
To guard us from Evils,  
From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone,  
The Lord let us bless,  
Who reigns on the Throne  
The Prince of our Peace ;

Who evermore saves us  
By shedding his Blood ;  
All hail, holy Jesus,  
Our Lord and our God !

We daily will sing  
Thy Merits, thy Praise,  
Thou merciful Spring  
Of Pity and Grace !

Thy Kindness for ever  
To Men we will tell ;  
And say, our dear Saviour  
Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,  
While here we abide ;  
Nor ever remove,  
Nor cover, nor hide

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Thy glorious Salvation,  
'Till joyful we see  
The beautiful Vision  
Completed in thee.

H Y M N XIV. The Same.

**C**HRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies ;  
Christ, the true, the only Light ;  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,

Triumph o'er the Shades of Night ;  
Day-Spring from on high, be near,  
Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the Morn,

Unaccompany'd by thee ;  
Joyless is the Day's Return,

'Till thy Mercy's Beams we see.

Lord, thy inward Light impart,  
Glad our Eyes, and warm each Heart.

Visit ev'ry Soul of thine,

Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief ;

Fill with Radiancy divine,

Scatter all our Unbelief ;

More and more thyself display,

Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV. Evening Worship.

**T**HE Saviour who kept us To-day,

The Lamb who takes our Sins away,

Our thankful Souls shall bless ;

Thou worthy art, O Son of God,

Of endless Praise ; for in thy Blood

Saints sweetly rest in Peace.



We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,  
 With all thy Angels us will guard;  
 Our Souls to thee we trust;  
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep  
 Our Souls among the Fellowship  
 Of Saints through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI. The Same.

**N**OW, from the Altar of our Hearts  
 Let Incense Flames arise;  
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
 Our Ev'ning Sacrifice.

Awake, our Love, awake, our Joy;  
 Awake, our Heart and Tongue;  
 Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,  
 Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd  
 Have made up all this Day;  
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
 More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favours, and new Joys,  
 Do a new Song require;  
 'Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
 Accept our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set  
 New Time upon our Score;  
 Thee may we praise for all our Time,  
 When Time shall be no more!

H Y M N XVII. Morning or Evening.

**O** God, how endless is thy Love !  
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Evening new ;  
And Morning Mercies, from above,  
Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;  
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,  
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,  
To thee we consecrate our Days ;  
Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand  
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

**T**HIS is the Day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the Hours his own ;  
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,  
And Satan's Empire fell ;  
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,  
And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !

Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring  
Salvation from thy Throne.

Hosanna, in the highest Strains  
 The Church on Earth can raise!  
 The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns  
 Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N XIX. The Same.

**W**ELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving Breast,  
 And these rejoicing Eyes!

The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his Saints to-day:  
 Here we may sit, and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One Day amidst the Place  
 Where our dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand Days  
 Of pleasurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay  
 In such a Frame as this;  
 And when thou call'st for them away,  
 Waft them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N XX. The Same.

**S**WEET is the Work, O God, our King,  
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and  
 sing:  
 To shew thy Love by Morning Light,  
 And talk of all thy Truth by Night,

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,  
No mortal Care should seize our Breast;  
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,  
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!

Our Hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,  
And bless thy Work, and bless thy Word;  
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

O may we see, and hear, and know,  
What Mortals cannot reach below:  
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ  
In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXI.

Longing for the House of God.

**L**ORD of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
Thy earthly Temples are!

To his Abode,		With warm Desire,
My Soul, aspire,		To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear!

O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there!

They praise Christ		That love the Way
still;		To Zion's Hill.
And happy they		

They go from Strength to Strength,  
Through this dark Vale of Tears;  
'Till each arrives at length,  
'I'll each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat ;		Us thither bring,
Our God and King,		To kiss thy Feet !

The Lord his People loves :

His Hand no good with-holds  
From those his Heart approves,  
From pure and pious Souls.

'Thrice happy he,		Whose Spirit trusts
O God of Hosts,		Alone in thee !

# H Y M N XXII. The Same.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !  
The new-born Soul both longs and faints  
To meet th' Assemblies of the Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place  
Within the Temple of thy Grace !  
There they behold thy gentler Rays,  
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set  
To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;  
God is their Strength, and thro' the Road  
They lean upon their Helper, God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,  
 'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length :  
 'Till all before Christ's Face appear,  
 And join in nobler Worship there !

H Y M N XXIII. Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names  
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,  
 That Mortals ever knew,  
 That Angels ever bore ;

All are too mean		Too mean to set
To speak his Worth,		Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms,  
 What condescending Ways,  
 Doth our Redeemer use  
 To teach his heav'nly Grace !

My Soul, with Joy		What Forms of Love
And Wonder see		He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,  
 Our Tongues would bless thy Name !  
 By thee the joyful News  
 Of our Salvation came ;

The joyful News		Of Hell subdu'd,
Of Sins forgiv'n,		And Peace with
		[Heav'n.

Jesus our great High Priest  
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;  
 Thou guilty Sinner, seek  
 No Sacrifice beside :



His pow'rful Blood | And now it pleads  
Did once atone, | Before the Throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,  
Our Conqu'ror, and our King;  
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,  
Thy reigning Grace we sing.

Thine is the Pow'r; | In willing Bonds,  
O may we sit, | Beneath thy Feet!

H Y M N XXIV. The Same.

**A**RRAY'D in mortal Flesh,  
Christ like an Angel stands,  
And holds the Promises  
And Pardons in his Hands:

Commission'd from | To make his Grace  
His Father's Throne, | To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern, and our Guide!  
And through this desert Land  
Still keep us near thy Side!

O let our Feet | Nor rove, nor seek  
Ne'er run astray, | The crooked Way!

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,  
Whose watchful Eye doth keep  
Poor wand'ring Souls among  
The Thousands of his Sheep:

He feeds his Flock, | His Bosom bears  
He calls their Names, | The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,  
My Soul, commend thy Cause;  
He answers and fulfils

His Father's broken Laws :

Believing Souls		For Christ hath paid
Now free are set ;		Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears  
For their Defence on high ;  
The Father bows his Ears,  
And lays his Thunder by ;

Not all that Hell		Shall turn his Heart,
Or Sin can say		His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,  
And tread the Tempter down ;  
Our Captain leads us forth  
To Conquest and a Crown :

A feeble Saint		Tho' Death and Hell
Shall win the Day,		Obstruct the Way.

# H Y M N XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctifi-  
cation, and Redemption.

**B**URY'D in Shadows of the Night,  
We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,  
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,  
 'Till the atoning Blood appears ;  
 Then they awake from deep Distress,  
 And sing " the Lord our Righteousness."

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
 Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains :  
 He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks  
 The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess  
 Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness :  
 Thou art our mighty All, may we  
 Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee !

H Y M N XXVI. The Same.

**H**OW heavy is the Night  
 That hangs upon our Eyes,  
 'Till Christ with his reviving Light  
 Over our Souls arise !

Our guilty Spirits dread  
 To meet the Wrath of Heav'n !  
 But in his Righteousness array'd,  
 We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure  
 Are all our Thoughts and Ways ;  
 His Hands infected Nature cure  
 With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree  
 To hold our Souls in vain ;

He sets the Sons of Bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways  
That bring us near to God ;  
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,  
And thine atoning Blood.

# H Y M N XXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

**C**REATOR Spirit, by whose Aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit ev'ry waiting Mind,  
Come, pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;  
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,  
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,  
The Father's promis'd Paraclete !  
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,  
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire,  
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Create all new, our Wills controul,  
Subdue the Rebel in our Soul ;  
Chase from our Minds th' infernal Foe,  
And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow ;  
And, lest again we go astray,  
Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,  
 Attend th' almighty Father's Name :  
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd ;  
 And equal Adoration be,  
 Eternal Comforter, to thee !

## H Y M N XXVIII.

The Same.

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,  
 Let us thine Influence prove ;  
 Source of the old prophetic Fire,  
 Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost (for, mov'd by thee,  
 The holy Prophets spoke),  
 Uniock the Truth, thyself the Key,  
 Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, prolific Dove,  
 Brood o'er our Nature's Night ;  
 On our disorder'd Spirits move,  
 And let there now be Light.

God thro' himself we then shall know,  
 If thou within us shine ;  
 And sound, with all thy Saints below,  
 The Depths of Love divine,

## H Y M N XXIX. The Same.

**W**HY should the Children of a King  
Go mourning all their Days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,  
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish our Complaints,  
And shew our Sins forgiv'n?

Assure each Conscience of its Part

In the Redeemer's Blood,  
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,  
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,  
The Pledge of Joys to come;  
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey us home!

## H Y M N XXX. CHRIST'S Birth.

**T**HE King of Glory sends his Son,  
To make his Entrance on this Earth:  
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,  
An heav'nly Host declare his Birth!

About the young Redeemer's Head,  
What Wonders and what Glories meet!

An unknown Star arose, and led  
The eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conspire  
The Infant Saviour to proclaim:



Inward they felt the sacred Fire,  
 And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name  
 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,  
 And treat the holy Child with Scorn ;  
 Our Souls adore th' eternal God,  
 Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI. The Same.

**H**ARK, the Herald-Angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King !  
 Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
 God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye Nations, rise,  
 Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;  
 Nature, rise and worship him  
 Who was born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
 Late in Time behold him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,  
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
 Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear,  
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace !  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Light and Life around he brings,  
 Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,  
 Born that Men no more may die ;  
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,  
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy heav'nly Home ;  
 Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,  
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,  
 Stamp thine Image in its Place ;  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Work it in us by thy Love.

H Y M N XXXII. The Same.

**W**HAT good News the Angels bring !  
 What glad Tidings of our King !  
 Christ the Lord is born To-day,  
 Christ who takes our Sins away ;  
 He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,  
 Hath in Bethlehem his Birth ;  
 Him shall all his People see,  
 And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,  
 With Hosannas fill the Sky ;  
 Glory be to God above !  
 God is infinite in Love !  
 Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men !  
 Now with us our God is seen :

Angels, join with us in Praise,  
Help to sing Redeeming Grace.

Now the Wall is broken down,  
Now the Gospel is made known :

Now the Door is open wide,  
Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd—

All who feel the weight of Sin,

All who languish to be clean,

All who for Redemption groan,

May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,

This the Angel doth proclaim ;

He shall all his People save,

They in him Remission have ;

When they see themselves undone,

They take Refuge in the Son !

They shall all be born again,

And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,

Sing the Triumphs of his Birth :

All the World is by him blest ;

Sound his Praise from East to West ;

Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,

Christ our common Lord and King ;

Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,

To Eternity prolong.

H Y M N XXXIII. The Same.

**F**ATHER, our Hearts we lift  
Up to thy gracious Throne,

And blefs thee for the precious Gift

Of thine incarnate Son :

The Gift unspeakable

We thankfully receive,

And to the World thy Goodness tell :

O may we to thee live!

Jesus, the holy Child,

Doth by his Birth declare,

That God and Man are reconcil'd,

And one in him we are.

Salvation thro' his Name

To lost Mankind is giv'n,

And loud his infant Cries proclaim

A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,

A Peace on Earth he brings,

Which never more shall end!

The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,

Declares himself our Friend ;

Assumes our Flesh and Blood,

That we his Spir't may gain ;

The everlasting Son of God,

The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive

The new-born Prince of Peace,

And meekly in his Spirit live,

And in his Love increase!

'Till he conveys us Home,

Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,

Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,

And take us all to God!

## H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST.

**S**EE, my Soul, with Wonder see  
The incarnate Deity ;

Human Nature he assumes,

He to ransom Sinners comes :

He was not conceiv'd in Sin,

He was infinitely clean :

Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,

Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,

Standing in our legal Place ;

From the Cradle to the Cross,

All he did, he did for us.

He did all our Woes retrieve,

He expir'd that we might live ;

By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,

By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,

Jesu's Death is our Release :

Jesu's Cross obtains our Crown,

Jesu's Sepulchre's our Throne.

Lord, conform us to thy Death,

Bid our Sins yield up their Breath ;

By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,

Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,

Purify our inward Parts ;

Lord, destroy the carnal Mind,  
That in thee we Peace may find ;  
In thy Righteousness array'd,  
Let us triumph, and be glad ;  
Let us walk with thee in White,  
Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His Heart is made of Tenderness,  
His Bowels melt with Love.  
Touch'd with a Sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble Frame ;  
He knows what sore Temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh  
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears ;  
And in his Measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry Member bears.  
He'll never quench the smoaking Flax  
But raise it to a Flame ;  
The bruised Reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith address  
His Mercy, and his Pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace  
In the distressing Hour.



## HYMN XXXVI.

CHRIST'S Passion.

**Y**E that pass by, behold the Man,  
The Man of Grief, condemn'd for you;  
The Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With Nails they fasten to the Wood—  
His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,  
His bleeding Hands extended wide,  
His streaming Feet transfixt and torn,  
The Fountain gushing from his Side,  
Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,  
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!  
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,  
Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Center quake,  
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd!  
O may our inmost Nature shake,  
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!

At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd  
Their Horrors to the upper Skies;  
O that our Souls might burst the Shade,  
And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise!

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,  
And tremble, and asunder part;

O rend with thy expiring Breath  
The harder Marble of our Heart!

H Y M N XXXVII.

CHRIST'S Sufferings and Glory.

**N**OW for a Tune of lofty Praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son;  
Awake, my Voice, in heav'nly Lays,  
Tell the great Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,  
He came to raise our Nature high;  
He came t'atone almighty Wrath,  
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,  
Th' almighty Captive Pris'ner lay:  
Th' almighty Captive left the Earth,  
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,  
Up to his Throne of shining Grace:  
See what immortal Glories fit  
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,  
Jesus the God exalted reigns;  
O may his Praise fill all our Tongues,  
And echo to the heav'nly Plains!

H Y M N XXXVIII. The Same.

**W**HAT equal Honour shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?

Since all the Notes that Angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy Name!

Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of Scandal, and of Scorn;  
While Glory shines around his Head,  
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore our Sins, and Curse, and Pain;  
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,  
And every Creature say, Amen!

# H Y M N XXXIX.

## CHRIST's Resurrection.

**J**ESUS, who dy'd a World to save,  
Revives and rises from the Grave,  
By his almighty Pow'r;  
From Sin, and Death, and Hell set free,  
He captive leads Captivity,  
And lives to die no more,

Children of God, look up and see  
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the Tomb :  
Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,  
In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,  
And soon will take you Home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,  
He looks with Love and Pity down,  
On her he did redeem ;  
He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,  
And prays that she may spoil her Foes,  
And ever reign with him.

O may we all from Sin awake,  
May all in Heav'n our Places take,  
Near our exalted Head !  
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,  
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,  
To carnal Pleasures dead !

H Y M N XL. The Same.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in Blood no more :  
Adore the Scatt'rer of your Fears,  
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes :  
He breaks again the Bands of Death,  
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,  
 Alone the Wine-press trod :  
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,  
 He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
 Forbid an early Rise  
 To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,  
 And opens Paradise.

# H Y M N XLI. CHRIST'S ASCENSION

**C**LAP your Hands, ye People all,  
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;  
 Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,  
 Triumph in his sov'reign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes his Seat above the Sky ;  
 Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,  
 Echoing to the Trump of God ;

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,  
 Praise him with the Hosts divine ;  
 Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,  
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love ;  
 Praises to our Jesus sing,  
 Praises to our glorious King !

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,  
 Pow'r o'er Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n ;

Jesus, P'ow'r to us impart,  
Then we'll praise with all our Heart.

H Y M N XLII. The Same.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That cloath'd himself in Clay,  
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,  
And tore the Bars away !

Death is no more the King of Dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,  
And Triumph in his Eyes !

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters Blessings down ;  
Our Jesus fills the middle Seat  
Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
To reach his blest'd Abode :  
Sweet be the Accents of our Songs  
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,  
Your sweetest Voices raise ;  
Let Heav'n, and all created Things,  
Sound our Immanuel's Praise.



## H Y M N XLIII. The Same.

**H**ATL the Day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes;  
 Christ, awhile to Mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.  
 There the pompous Triumph waits,  
 "Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!  
 "Wide unfold the radiant Scene,  
 "Take the King of Glory in."

Circl'd round with Angel-Pow'rs,  
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,  
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,  
 Take the King of Glory in.  
 Him though highest Heav'n receives,  
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves;  
 Though returned to his Throne,  
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above;  
 See, he shews the Prints of Love;  
 Hark! his gracious Lips bestow  
 Blessings on his Church below:  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his Death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares our Place  
 Harbinger of human Race.

Master (may we ever say),  
 Taken from our Head to-day,  
 See thy faithful Servants, see!  
 Ever gazing up to thee!

Grant, though parted from our Sight,  
High above yon azure Height,  
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,  
Wafted on the Wings of Love ;  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing, gasping after Home !

There may we with thee remain,  
Partners of thine endless Reign :  
There thy Face unclouded see,  
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLIV.

C H R I S T ' s Intercession.

**W**ELL ! the Redeemer's gone  
T' appear before our God,  
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne  
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,  
No burning Wrath comes down ;  
If Justice calls for Sinners' Blood,  
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,  
Our humble Suit he moves :  
The Father lays his Thunder by,  
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues  
Our Maker's Honours sing ;

Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,  
And bears them to the King.

H Y M N XLV. The Same.

**L**IFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat,  
Where your Redeemer stays;  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,  
And shed his vital Blood;  
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,  
And then arose to God.

Petitions now and Praise may rise,  
And Saints their Off'rings bring;  
The Priest with his own Sacrifice  
Presents them to the King,

Ten thousand Praises to the King,  
Hosanna in the high'st!

Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring  
To God, and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI. Praising CHRIST.

**A**WAKE, and sing the Song  
Of Moses, and the Lamb;  
Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,  
Sing of his rising Pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts  
Ascending with our Tongues ;  
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,  
And Grace inspires our Songs,

Sing till we hear Christ say,  
" Your Sins are all forgiv'n ;"  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,  
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII. The Same.

**C**OME, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,  
And hear me bless my King ;  
Hear me my Beloved praise,  
My Jesus do I sing :  
Neither hear my Song alone,  
But help, O help me, to proclaim  
Jesus, our Creator's Son ;  
Jesus ! that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,  
Who Jesus never knew :  
Ought not we to pass our Day  
In Joy and Singing too ?  
Others have they Cause to bless ?  
The Children of the King have more ;  
They have Christ, their Righteousness,  
Their Glory, Peace, and Pow'r !

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God !  
And with a living Coal

From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,  
Inspire each drowsy Soul.  
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,  
Or fully who can sing thy Praise?  
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,  
Teach! teach us heav'nly Lays.

H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all his Creatures.

**C**OME, let us join our chearful Songs  
With Angels round the Throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,  
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,  
For he was slain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and Pow'r divine;  
And Blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX. The Same.

**S**URE thy Name is Wonderful,  
Counsellor, the mighty God,

Whom the heav'nly Hosts adore,  
Praise we thro' the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down  
To the Sight of mortal Man,  
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,  
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,  
Judgment, Mercy, both appear ;  
All the Father's Honour meets,  
All his Glory triumphs here,

Wonderfully form'd to raise  
Adam's fallen, helpless Race,  
Form'd to purchase, and secure,  
For thy People, boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,  
Thou the Priest foretold to rise :  
Thou the Sacrificer art,  
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was slain,  
Bleeding on the painful Tree,  
Risen and ascended high,  
We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,  
Wonderful art thou in Love ;  
Be thou all our Theme below,  
Be thou all our Heav'n above !

Hallelujah.



## H Y M N L. The Same.

**Y**E Servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,

And publish abroad

His wonderful Name;

The Name all victorious

Of Jesus extol;

His Kingdom is glorious,

And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,

Almighty to save,

And still he is nigh,

His Presence we have.

The great Congregation

His Triumph shall sing,

Ascribing Salvation

To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,

Who sits on the Throne:

Let all cry aloud,

And honour the Son.

Our Jesus's Praises

The Angels proclaim,

Fall down on their Faces,

And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,

And give him his Right,

All Glory and Pow'r

And Wisdom and Might :

All Honour and Blessing,  
With Angels above,  
And Thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite Love.

H Y M N LI. TE DEUM.

**H**OW can we adore,  
Or worthily praise,  
Thy Goodness and Pow'r,  
Thou God of all Grace!  
With Honour and Blessing,  
Before thee we fall,  
Most gladly confessing  
Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth;  
And Water, and Air,  
To thee owe their Birth,  
Subsist by thy Care;  
While Angels are singing  
Thy Praises above,  
We Mortals are bringing  
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one  
With God the Supreme,  
His eternal Son,

And equal with him:  
Invested with Glory,  
On high dost thou sit,  
Whilst Angels adore thee,  
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !  
 How wond'rous thy Grace !  
 Thou cam'st from above  
 To save a lost Race ;  
 And Man to deliver,  
 Of Mary wast born,  
 That ev'ry Believer  
 To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat  
 Of Judgment appear !  
 Prepare us to meet,  
 And welcome Thee there :  
 Thy witnessing Spirit  
 In us shed abroad,  
 And bid us inherit  
 The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son,  
 And Spirit agree,  
 To constitute One  
 Complete Deity ;  
 Sweet Jesus, thy Merit  
 Makes our Peace with God,  
 And by thy good Spirit  
 Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

H Y M N LII. To the TRINITY.

**B**LEST be the Father, and his Love,  
 To whose celestial Source we owe  
 Rivers of endless Joys above,  
 And Rills of Comfort here below !

Glory to Thee, great Son of God;  
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls  
A precious Stream of vital Blood,  
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the sacred Spirit Praise,  
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe  
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,  
And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore;  
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,  
Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

H Y M N LIII. The Same.

**H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!

Be endless Praise to thee;

Supreme, essential One, ador'd

In co-eternal Three!

enthron'd in everlasting State,

E'er Time its Round began,

Who join'd in Council to create

The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,

To thee in Hymns aspire;

May we as Angels on our Thrones

For ever join the Choir!

ail, holy, holy, holy Lord!

Be endless Praise to thee;

Supreme, essential One, ador'd

In co-eternal Three!

## H Y M N LIV. The Same.

**L**ET God the Father live  
 For ever on our Tongues,  
 Sinners from his free Love derive  
 The Ground of all their Songs.  
 Ye Saints, employ your Breath  
 In Honour to the Son;  
 Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,  
 By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit Praise  
 Of an immortal Strain;  
 Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys  
 Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter  
 Reveals our pardon'd Sin,  
 O may the Blood and Water bear  
 The same Record within!

To the great One and Three,  
 That seal the Grace in Heav'n,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Eternal Glory giv'n!

## H Y M N LV. The Same.

**W**E give immortal Praise  
 To God the Father's Love,  
 For all our Comforts here,  
 And better Hopes above!  
 He sent his own | To die for Sins  
 Eternal Son, | That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal Glory too,  
 Who bought us with his Blood,  
 From everlasting Woe :

And now he lives, | And sees the Fruit  
 And now he reigns, | Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,  
 Immortal Worship give :  
 Whose new-creating Pow'r  
 Makes the dead Sinner live :

His Work completes | And fills the Soul  
 The great Design, | With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee  
 Be endless Honours done ;  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One !  
 Where Reasons fails, | There Faith prevails,  
 With all her Pow'rs ; | And Love adores.

# H Y M N LVI. The Same.

**T**O him that chose us first,  
 Before the World began :

To him that bore the Curse

To save rebellious Man :

To him that form'd | Are endless Praise  
 Our Hearts anew, | And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run  
 Through our immortal Songs !

We bring to God the Son

Hosannas on our Tongues.



Our Lips address | With equal Praise,  
The Spirit's Name, | And Zeal the same.

Let ev'ry Saint above,  
And Angel round the Throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One !  
Thus Heav'n shall. | When Earth and  
raise | Time  
His Honours high, | Grow old and die.

## H Y M N LVII.

Angels, praise the LORD.

**T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,  
Hath fix'd his Throne on high,  
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,  
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels, great in Might,  
And swift to do his Will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,  
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hosts, who wait  
The Orders of their King,  
And guard his Churches when they pray,  
Join in the Praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous Works  
Thro' his vast Kingdom shew  
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,  
Shalt sing his Graces too.

H Y M N LVIII. The Brazen Serpent.

**W**ITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,  
 When Isr'el's mourning Tribes com-  
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd, (plain'd,  
 A Serpent strait the Prophet made,  
 Of molten Brass, to View display'd ;  
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, Oh, what Healing to the Heart  
 Does Jesu's greater Cross impart

To those who seek a Cure !  
 Isr'el of old, and we no less,  
 The same indulgent Grace confess,  
 While Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect  
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,  
 And perish in their Pride !

Not so the Stung with Sin and Law,  
 These all their rich Salvation draw  
 From Jesu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchless Cross,  
 And other Objects count but loss,

No other Gain explore ;  
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,  
 Teaming with Tears of glad Surprise,  
 And thankfully adore !

Hail, great Immanuel, balmy Name !  
 Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,  
 Thee we Physician call ;

We own no other Cure but thine,  
Thou the Deliverer divine,  
Our Health, our Life, our All.

H Y M N LIX. God made Man.

**O** Lord our God, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted Name !  
The Glories of thy heav'nly State  
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Work on high,  
The Moon that rules the Night ;  
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,  
Those moving Worlds of Light :

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,  
Who dwells so far below.  
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,  
And love his Nature so !

That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal Form,  
Made lower than his Angels are,  
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted Name !  
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,  
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX. Faith in CHRIST.

**H**OW sad our State by Nature is,  
Our Sin how deep it stains :

And Satan binds our captive Souls  
Fast in his slavish Chains !

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace  
Sounds from God's sacred Word ;  
Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' almighty Call,  
And run to this Relief !

We would believe thy Promise, Lord,  
O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,  
Teach us, O Lord, to fly :

There may we wash our spotted Souls  
From Crimes of deepest dye !

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,

Our reigning Sins subdue ;

Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,

With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,  
Into thy Hands we fall ;

Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,  
Our Jesus, and our All !

H Y M N LXL. Thanksgiving.

**M**EET and right it is to sing  
Glory to our God and King ;  
Meet, in ev'ry Time and Place,  
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,  
 Angels, help the chearful Sound;  
 Publish thro' the World abroad,  
 Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,  
 Gracious thou our Thanks receive;  
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
 Ev'ry-where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,  
 Sing we still in Jesu's Name;  
 Saviour, thee we ever bless,  
 Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN LXII. Therefore with Angels, &c.

**L**ORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Theirs—yet oh benignly ours!  
 Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,  
 Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,  
 Angels and Archangels join;  
 We with them our Voices raise,  
 Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;  
 Full of thee, they ever cry,  
 Glory be to God most high!

## H Y M N LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

**G** LORY be to God on high,  
God whose Glory fills the Sky :

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,

Man, the Well-belov'd of Heav'n,

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,

Thee we now presume to sing ;

Glad thine Attributes confess,

Glorious all and numberless.

Hail, by all thy Works ador'd,

Hail, the everlasting Lord !

Thee with thankful Hearts we prove :

&c. Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love,

Christ our Lord and God we own,

Christ the Father's only Son ;

Lamb of God for Sinners slain,

Saviour of offending Man.

Pow'rful Advocate with God,

Justify us by thy Blood ;

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,

Hear the World's Atonement thou !

Hear ; for thou, O Christ, alone,

With thy gracious Sire, art one ;

One the Holy Ghost, with thee,

One supreme eternal Three.

H Y M N LXIV. It is finished.

**T** HIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,

And meekly bow'd his dying Head ;



Whilst we this Sentence scan :  
 Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,  
 Behold the Conquests of our Lord,  
 Complete for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace ;  
 Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;  
 Their mighty Debt is paid ;  
 Accusing Law, cancell'd by Blood,  
 And Wrath of an offended God,  
 In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?  
 The Law no longer can condemn,  
 Faith a Release can shew :  
 Justice itself a Friend appears,  
 The Prison-house a Whisper hears,  
 Loose him, and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !  
 Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,  
 Why dost thou yet reply ?  
 Where-e'er thy loud Objections fall,  
 " 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,  
 And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil divinely finish'd stands,  
 But lo ! the Praise his Word demands ;  
 Careful may we attend !  
 Conclusion to our Souls be this,  
 Because Salvation finish'd is,  
 Our Thanks shall never end.

H Y M N LXV. Adoption.

**B**EHOLD what wond'rous Grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On Sinners of a mortal Race,  
To call them Sons of God !

Nor doth it yet appear  
How great they will be made ;  
But when they see their Saviour near,  
Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine  
May Trials well endure ;  
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure,

O Lord, if in thy Love  
We share a filial Part,  
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,  
To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie  
Like slaves before thy Throne ;  
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXVI. Enjoyment of CHRIST.

**L**ORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace  
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face !  
O light our Passions to a Flame !  
Then shall we love thy charming Name :  
Then will a Scene of sacred Joy  
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ :

Then shall we long to gaze away  
A blest and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy Right Hand,  
While we pass thro' this barren Land;  
And in thy Temple let us see  
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

## H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

**N**OW to the Lord a noble Song;  
Awake my Soul, awake my tongue:  
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,  
And all his boundless Love proclaim!

See where it shines in Jesu's Face,  
The brightest Image of his Grace;  
God, in the Person of his Son,  
Hath all his mightiest Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme!  
Exult, my Soul, at Jesu's Name!  
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound:  
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh that we all may reach the Place  
Where he unveils his lovely Face;  
Where all his Beauties you behold,  
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold!

H Y: M N LXVIII. Looking to Jesus.

**H**OW glorious the Lamb  
Is seen on his Throne!

His Labours are o'er,  
His Conquests put on;  
A Kingdom is giv'n  
Into our Lamb's Hand,  
In Earth and in Heav'n,  
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below,  
Then trust in the Lord,  
Look up to his Arm,  
His Honour, his Word:  
Athirst for his Favour,  
His Godhead adore;  
Look up to your Saviour,  
And Joy evermore!

**H Y M N LXIX. First and Second Adam.**

**D**EEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,  
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own:  
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name  
Whence sprung our Nature, and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits, fill'd with Awe,  
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,  
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,  
That sent to save our ruin'd Race:

We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd our Nature to his own;  
Adam, the second, from the Dust  
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,  
There have the Sons of Adam found

Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace  
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N LXX. Salvation:

**S**ALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !  
What pleasure to our Ears !  
A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,  
A Cordial for our Fears.

Bury'd in Sorrow, and in Sin,  
At Hell's Dark Door we lay !

O may we rise by Grace divine,  
And see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly

The spacious Earth around,

While all the Armies of the Sky

Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXI.

CHRIST'S Victory over Satan.

**H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King !  
The Prince of Darkness flies ;  
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,  
Like Lightning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,  
And fright the rescu'd Sheep !

But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r  
And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !

All hail, incarnate Love !

Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait  
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries, and thy deathless Fame,  
 'Thro' the wide World shall run ;  
 And everlasting Ages sing  
 The Triumphs thou hast won,

H Y M N LXXII. A blessed GOSPEL.

**B**LEST are the Souls that hear and know  
 The Gospel's joyful Sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the Path they go,  
 And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,  
 'Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;  
 His Righteousness exalts their Hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our Glory and Defence,  
 Strength and Salvation gives ;  
 'Tis he, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives !

H Y M N LXXIII. Before Prayer,

**S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,  
 And in his Strength rejoice :  
 When his Salvation is our Theme,  
 Exalted be our Voice,

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,  
 And Psalms of Honour sing ;  
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,  
 The whole Creation's King.



Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious Hand :  
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,  
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his Face :  
May we, the Creatures of his Pow'r,  
Be Children of his Grace !

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,  
While in his holy Courts ye wait ;  
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,  
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,  
To praise his Name is sweet Employ ;  
Isr'el he chose of old, and still  
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,  
People and Priests, exalt his Name ;  
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,  
His Church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV. Praising God.

**G**IVE Thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord,  
The sov'reign King of Kings,  
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace | And let his Name,  
Are still the same, | Have endless Praise,

How mighty is his Hand !

What Wonders hath he done !

He form'd the Earth and Seas,

And spread the Heav'ns alone.

Thy Mercy, Lord, | And ever sure  
shall still endure, | Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie

All perishing in Sin,

And pity'd the sad State

The ruin'd World was in.

Thy Mercy, Lord, | And ever sure  
shall still endure, | Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son

To save us from our Woe,

From Satan, Sin, and Death,

And ev'ry hurtful Foe.

His Pow'r and Grace | And let his Name  
are still the same, | Have endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI. The Same.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,

Let the Creator's Praise arise ;

At the Redeemer's Name be sung,

thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,

Eternal Truth attends thy Word :

thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,

All Suns shall rise and set no more.

## H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring CHRIST's Love to be shed abroad in  
the Heart.

**C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By Faith and Love, in ev'ry Breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,  
Make our enlarged Souls possess,  
And learn the Height, and Breadth, & Length,  
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do  
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,  
Be everlasting Honours done,  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son!

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

**N**OW to the Pow'r of God supreme  
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;  
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name),  
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.  
Not for our Duties or Deserts,  
But of his own abounding Grace,  
He works Salvation in our Hearts,  
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun  
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die;  
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's Counsels known;  
Declares the great Transaction's past,  
And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of GOD and CHRIST in Heaven.

**D** Escend from Heav'n, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The Reach of these inferior Things.

Oh for a Sight, a pleasing Sight,  
Of our almighty Father's Throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,  
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,  
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,  
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,  
That we shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow among them there,  
And view thy Face, and sing thy Love?

H Y M N LXXX. Inviting to Praise.

**C** OME, guilty Souls, and flee away,  
Like Doves, to Jesu's Wounds;  
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,  
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son  
 To drink the Cup of Wrath;  
 And Jesus says, he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by Faith.

## H Y M N LXXXI. The Same.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise  
 Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:  
 His Nature and his Works invite  
 To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky;  
 There he prepares the fruitful Rain,  
 Nor let the Drops descend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,  
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;  
 His Wildom's vast, and knows no Bound,  
 A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,  
 And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn;  
 The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,  
 And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;  
 He views his Children with Delight;  
 He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,  
 And looks and loves his Image there.

## H Y M N LXXXII. The Same.

**Y**E Seekers of God,  
 Whose diligent Care  
 Is ever employ'd  
 In C rist's Blood to share,  
 With Praises unceasing  
 Your Jesus proclaim,  
 Rejoicing, and blessing  
 His excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands,  
 Come all to his House,  
 And lift up your Hands,  
 And pay him your Vows;  
 And whilst we are giving  
 Our Jesus his Due,  
 Do thou, blessed Spirit,  
 Our Natures renew!

## H Y M N LXXXIII. Universal Praise.

**H**ARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing  
 Strives 't' adore our bounteous King;  
 Each a double Tribute pays,  
 Sings its Part, and then obeys.  
 Wake, for shame, my sluggish Heart,  
 Wake, and gladly sing thy Part;  
 Learn of Birds; and Springs, and Flow'rs,  
 How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,  
 Since 'twas He whole Nature made;



Join we in one endless Song,  
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,  
Live by all thy Works ador'd;  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
All Things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV. The New Creation.

**A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son  
Doth his own Glories shew;  
" Behold, I sit upon my Throne,  
" Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are past away,  
" And the old Adam dies;  
" My Hands a new Foundation lay,  
" See a new World arise!"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free  
From our old State of Sin;  
O make our Souls alive to thee,  
Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,  
And mould our Hearts afresh;  
Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,  
And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,  
From Sin and Earth and Hell,  
In the new World thy Grace hath made,  
May we for ever dwell!

## HYMN LXXXV. Longing for CHRIST.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood;  
 Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain  
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be  
 For ever clos'd to all but thee:  
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear  
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide  
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side!  
 Who Life and Strength from thence derive,  
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
 That thou should'st Man to Glory bring?  
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,  
 Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought,  
 To know the Wonders thou hast wrought;  
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell  
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren thou,  
 To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;  
 Help us to thee our All to give,  
 Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## HYMN LXXXVI. The Same.

**O** Love divine, how sweet thou art,  
When shall I find my longing Heart  
All taken up by thee?

Oh make me pant and thirst to prove  
The Greatness of redeeming Love,  
The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad

In each poor stony Heart!  
For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,  
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better Part!

O that we could for ever sit,  
With Mary, at the Master's Feet,  
Be this our happy Choice!

Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,  
Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice!

Thy only Love may we require,  
Nothing on Earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in Heav'n above;

Let Earth and all its Trifles go,  
Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,  
Give us thy precious Love.

## HYMN LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

**C**OME, my Soul, before the Lamb,  
Fall and do him Rev'rence;

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Bless him for his Blood and Name,  
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,  
Trials or Temptation?

Is not Christ upon the Throne,  
Still thy strong Salvation?

Cast thy Burdens on the Lord,  
Leave them with thy Saviour;  
He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)  
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,  
Turn thee and discover  
How he yet is merciful,  
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,  
Who can happy make thee;  
Gaze upon him who thee bought,  
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,  
Mind alone thy Saviour;  
Count thou all beside but Wind,  
Trample on it ever.

# H Y M N LXXXVIII.

The Christian Race.

**A** WAKE our Souls, away our Fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone;  
wake, and run the heav'nly Race,  
And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,  
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint;  
 But we forget the mighty God,  
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r  
 Is ever new and ever young;  
 And firm endures, while endless Years  
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,  
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,  
 While such as trust their native Strength  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,  
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode!  
 On Wings of Love to Jesus fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road!

H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him, because he first loved us.

**O**F him who did Salvation bring,  
 Lord, may we ever think and sing!  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, almighty King,  
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring!  
 Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,  
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shame our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood,  
 He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God;  
 Let all the World fall down and know,  
 That none but God such Love could shew.

# H Y M N XC. Preserving Grace.

**T**O God the only Wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the Saints below the Skies,  
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his almighty Love,  
 His Counsel and his Care,  
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints  
 Unblemish'd and complete,  
 Before the Glory of his Face,  
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed  
 Shall meet around the Throne,  
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,  
 And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God  
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,  
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,  
 And everlasting Songs.



## H Y M N XCI. To JESUS CHRIST.

**O** Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,  
 Thou only holy, only just,  
 Oh tune our Souls to Praise thy Name,  
 Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,  
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,  
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh  
 The great, the awful Deity !

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !  
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !  
 With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,  
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,  
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !  
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit  
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

## H Y M N XCII. Unfruitfulness.

**L**ONG have we sat beneath the Sound  
 Of thy Salvation, Lord,  
 But still how weak our Faith is found,  
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,  
 Yet hear almost in vain ;  
 How small a Portion of thy Grace  
 Do our false Hearts retain !

Our gracious Saviour and our God;  
How little art thou known,  
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,  
And Blessings of thy Throne!

How cold and feeble is our Love,  
How negligent our Fear!  
How low our Hope of Joys above,  
How few Affections there!

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,  
To give thy Word Success;  
Write thy Salvation on each Heart,  
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way  
That leads to Joys on high;  
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,  
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIII. The Church a Garden.

**Z**ION's a Garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;  
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,  
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like spicy Trees, Believers stand,  
Planted by an almighty Hand;  
And all the Springs in Zion flow,  
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,  
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;

H

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe  
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,  
A grateful Incense to our God ;  
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,  
And every Grace be active here.

H Y M N XCIV. Redemption found.

**H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and Night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be !

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,  
To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;  
Earthly Passions far remove,  
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,  
Full of Guilt and Misery ;  
'Thine we are, thou Son of God,  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine ;  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

**O**UR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, each sluggish Soul ;

Nothing has half our Work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants, for one poor Grain,  
Labour, and tug, and strive;  
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,  
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our Good,  
How careless to secure that Crown  
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our Parts?  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,  
And sit, and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,  
Upward our Souls shall rise;  
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,  
We'll fly and take the Prize.

# H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST's Righteousness imputed to Believers.

**H**APPY he who e'er believes  
The Embassy of Peace,  
Who at Jesu's Hand receives  
The Gift of Righteousness:  
God is his Salvation's God:  
The Lord is his almighty Shield;  
He with Grace shall be endow'd,  
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam slay  
 And ruin all his Race?  
 Jesus takes our Sins away,  
 By suff'ring in our Place;  
 He perform'd what God requir'd,  
 And answer'd all the Law demands;  
 In his Righteousness attir'd,  
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance, saw  
 The Righteousness divine!  
 In the Volume of the Law,  
 How clearly doth it shine!  
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,  
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb;  
 Of his Righteousness foretold,  
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews  
 His Righteousness discard!  
 Shall we then his Love abuse,  
 And slight his great Reward?  
 Of the Law he is the End,  
 And after we have done our best,  
 On his Grace we must depend,  
 And in his Merits rest.

What a Mystery of Love  
 In God's Designs appears!  
 Jesus coming from above,  
 Our Sin and Torment bears:

God imputes Man's Sins to him;  
Imputes to Man his Righteousness;  
Guilty he doth Christ esteem,  
And guiltless us confess.

H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

**T**HY Favours, Lord, surprise our Souls;  
Will the Eternal dwell with us?

What canst thou find beneath the Poles,  
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,  
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs;

But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor Returns, we pay  
For Love so infinite as thine!

Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay;  
But thy Compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII. The Same.

**U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
And views the Nations from afar,

Let everlasting Praises fly,  
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,  
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,

His Goodness, how amazing great!  
And what a condescending God!



Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour  
 Into the Bosom of our God ;  
 He hears us in the mournful Hour,  
 And helps to bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts devise  
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace !  
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,  
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

### H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

**C**OME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love  
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;  
 Our Souls how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying Rate ?  
 Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great !

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N C. The Same.

**T**O praise redeeming Love,  
Dear Christians, lend a Voice;  
Come, thou diviner Dove,  
And help us to rejoice!  
Our Hearts too low,  
Lord, thou canst raise;  
Blest Spirit, blow,  
And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire  
The Riches of thy Grace,  
'Till thou shalt call us higher,  
There to behold thy Face;  
Oh Height of Grace!  
Oh Depth of Love!  
Lord fit us for  
Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express!  
Thy Mercy ne'er decays:  
What can our Souls do less  
Than love thee all our Days?  
Bless God, each Soul,  
Ev'n unto Death;  
And write a Song  
For ev'ry Breath.

## H Y M N C I.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

**L**ET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy Grace;  
But our loud Songs shall still record  
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy Throne;  
All Glory to th' united Three,  
The undivided One !

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)  
That form'd us by a Word ;

'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,  
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the Earth and Skies  
Repeat the joyful Sound ;  
Rocks, Hills, and Vales reflect the Voice  
In one eternal Round.

## H Y M N C I I.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

**B**Egin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,  
And speak some boundless Thing ;  
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,  
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,  
And sound his Pow'r abroad ;  
Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,  
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched dying Men ;  
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word  
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,  
The mighty Promise shines ;  
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze  
Those everlasting Lines.

O might I hear thy heav'nly Tongue  
But whisper, Thou art mine !  
Those gentle Words should raiſe my Song  
To Notes almoſt divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,  
And think our Heav'n ſecure !  
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,  
And Faith deſires no more.

H Y M N CIII. Reſurrection of CHRIST.

BLESS'D, Morning, whoſe young dawn-  
ing Rays

Beheld our riſing God :  
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,  
And leave his laſt Abode !

In the cold Priſon of a Tomb  
The dear Redeemer lay,  
'Till the revolving Skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,  
To hold our God, in vain ;

The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred Hours we pay;  
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim  
The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praise  
To our victorious King;  
Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,  
With glad Hosannas ring.

H Y M N CIV. Praise to the Redeemer.

**P**LUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,  
We wretched Sinners lay,  
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,  
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless Grief:  
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)  
He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,  
With joyful Haste he fled;  
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,  
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills  
Their lasting Silence break;  
And all harmonious human Tongues  
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty Joys,  
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;  
But when you raise your highest Notes,  
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CV.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,  
Your noblest Music bring ;  
Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,  
To take away our Guilt !  
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood  
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Down to the Shades of Death  
He bow'd his awful Head :  
Yet he arose to live and reign,  
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,  
The Cross and Nails no more ;  
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,  
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,  
High on his Father's Throne ;  
The Father lays his Veng'ance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.



## H Y M N CVI.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

**O**H the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,  
The Glories of the Place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams  
Of his o'erflowing Grace !

Sweet Majesty and awful Love  
Sit smiling on his Brow,  
And all the glorious Ranks above  
At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,  
That cruel Thorns did wound,  
See what immortal Glories shine,  
And circle it around !

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,  
Whom we, unseen, adore ;  
But when our Eyes behold his Face,  
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire  
To see thy blest'd Abode ;  
And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise  
Of our incarnate God !

## H Y M N CVII.

Look on him whom they have pierc'd, and mourn

**I**NFINITE Grief ! amazing Woe !  
Behold our bleeding Lord ;  
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,  
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain  
 Our dear Redeemer bore,  
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,  
 His sacred Body tore!

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns  
 In vain do we accuse;

In vain we b'ame the Roman Bands,  
 And the more spiteful Jews:

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,  
 His chief Tormentors were;

Each of our Crimes became a Nail,  
 And Unbelief the Spear:

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down  
 Upon his guiltless Head;

Break, break our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes,  
 And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,  
 'Till melting Waters flow;

And deep Repentance drown our Eyes  
 In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N CVIII. The Same.

**A** LAS! and did our Saviour bleed?  
 And did our Sov'reign die!

Would he devote that sacred Head  
 For such a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,  
 He groan'd upon the Tree?

Amazing Pity! Grace unknown,  
 And Love beyond Degree!

Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,  
 And ſhut his Glories in,  
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd,  
 For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing Face,  
 While his dear Croſs appears ;  
 Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,  
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay  
 The Debt of Love I owe ;  
 May I here give myſelf away !  
 'Tis all that I can do.

# H Y M N CIX. The Same.

**I**S there a Thing beneath the Sky  
 Can Comfort bring, or ſatisfy,  
 But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?  
 Here is a ſweet and conſtant Peace,  
 A Treafure full of richeſt Grace,  
 All elſe are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, ſink down with Shame  
 Before his Face, who only came  
 To ſuffer, bleed, and die ;  
 O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,  
 For which his precious Blood was ſpilt,  
 Thou didſt him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of ſinful Duſt,  
 Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy Luſt,

'Till Drops of Blood fall down !  
 See how he yonder prostrate lies !  
 Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,  
 Mark ev'ry Tear and Groan.

See the dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,  
 Amidst Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,  
 For thee a Sacrifice ;

Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,  
 Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;  
 So dear thy Ransom Price !

Lord, didst thou suffer thus for me !

Didst thou feel all this Misery

To give me Life and Peace ?

Then let me bear it on my Heart,

My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,

Thy Blood signs my Release.

H Y M N CX.

Distinguishing Love : or Angels punished, and  
 Man saved.

**D**OWN headlong from the native Skies,  
 The Rebel-Angels fell ;

And Thunderbolts of flaming Wrath

Pursu'd them deep to Hell !

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss

Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;

And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave

To save a sinking World !

O Love of infinite Degree !

Unmeasurable Grace !

Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,  
To save a trait'rous Race?

Must Angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless Fire;  
While God forsakes his shining Throne  
To raise us Wretches higher?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies  
With Hallelujahs ring!  
And the full Choir of human Tongues  
Loud Hallelujahs sing!

H Y M N CXI. CHRIST'S Commission.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God  
With new melodious Songs;  
Come, render to almighty Grace  
The Tribute of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love  
That pity'd dying Men,  
The Father sent his equal Son,  
To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging Rod;  
No hard Commission to perform  
The Vengeance of a God;

But all was Mercy, all was mild,  
And Wrath forsook the Throne,  
When Christ on the kind Errand came,  
And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,  
And wipe your Sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,  
And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls  
T' accept thine offer'd Grace;  
Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,  
And give the Father Praise.

H Y M N CXII. The Same.

**R**AISE your triumphant Songs  
To an immortal Tune;  
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds  
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how Eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid' him raise our wretched Race  
From their Abyfs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,  
No Terror cloaths his Brow;  
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls  
To fiercest Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,  
And Wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with Pardons down  
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,  
Let hopeless Sorrows cease;



Bow to the Scepter of his Love,  
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call;  
We lay an humble Claim  
To the Salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy Name.

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

**W**E magnify thy Grace, O Lord;  
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd  
A Supper for thy Saints!

All Things are ready, thou hast said,  
A Table thou hast richly spread,  
To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to Thee,  
O kindly bid us come and see,  
And taste how good thou art;  
Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,  
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,  
Lord, break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,  
And ravish all our Souls with Love,  
Cast out the Pow'r of Sin;  
Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,  
And for thyself our Hearts prepare,  
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,  
Like Rivers flow, and still increase,

Unto the Ocean driv'n ;  
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,  
 And grant I now may sup with thee,  
 And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

**A**ND are we Wretches yet alive ?  
 And do we yet rebel ?  
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,  
 That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt  
 Would sink us down to Flames,  
 And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,  
 To crush our feeble Frames :

But sov'reign Goodness cries, Forbear,  
 And strait the Thunder stays :  
 And dare we now provoke his Wrath,  
 And weary out his Grace !

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,  
 Too long indulg'd our Sin :  
 O that our Hearts may bleed to see  
 What Rebels we have been !

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,  
 No more may we obey !  
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,  
 And drive thy Foes away.

## H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

**C**OME, let us lift our joyful Eyes  
Up to the Courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a Throne of Love,

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,  
And shot devouring Flame;  
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,  
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,  
That calm'd his frowning Face,  
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,  
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,  
And venture near the Lord:  
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,  
Nor double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss  
Are open'd by the Son:  
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,  
And reach the gracious Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And Glory to th' eternal King,  
That lays his Fury by!

## HYMN CXVI.

The Darkness of PROVIDENCE.

**L**ORD, we adore thy vast Designs,  
Th' obscure Abyſs of Providence,  
Too deep to ſound with mortal Lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face  
In angry Frowns without a Smile;  
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,  
Secure of thy Compaſſion ſtill.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep diſtreſs,  
They ſail by Faith, and not by Sight;  
Faith guides them in the Wilderneſs,  
Thro' all the Briers of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod  
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,  
Still we muſt lean upon our God,  
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely through.

## HYMN CXVII.

The Prieſthood of CHRIST.

**B**LOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies:  
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries;  
But the dear Stream, when Chriſt was ſlain,  
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.  
Pardon and Peace from God on high;  
Behold, he lays his Vengeance by;  
And Rebels, that deſerve his Sword,  
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,  
 Who gave his Life a Sacrifice ;  
 Now he appears before our God,  
 And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

## H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

**A**WAY from ev'ry mortal Care,  
 Away from Earth our Souls retreat ;  
 We leave this worthless World afar,  
 And wait, and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace  
 We see thy Feet, and we adore ;  
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,  
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,  
 United Groans ascend on high ;  
 And Pray'r now bears a quick Return  
 Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide  
 Within thy Temple, near thy Side ;  
 But if our Feet must hence depart,  
 Still keep thy Dwelling in each Heart.

## H Y M N CXIX. Humiliation.

**L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,  
 And born unholy and unclean ;  
 Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall  
 Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,  
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;  
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,  
Our only Refuge is thy Grace;  
No outward Forms can make us clean,  
The Leprosy lies deep within,

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone  
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone;  
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,  
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

HYMN CXX. The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with Truth and Grace;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word  
Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his Blood,  
And lives to carry on his Love,  
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King:  
How sweet are his Commands!  
He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,  
By his almighty Hands.

Glory to his glorious Name.  
Who saves by diff'rent Ways!



His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim  
To our immortal Praise.

## H Y M N CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

**N**OT all the Blood of Beasts,  
On Jewish Altars slain,  
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,  
Or wash away the Stain:

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our Sins away ;  
A Sacrifice of nobler Name  
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand  
On that dear Head of thine,  
While like a Penitent I stand,  
And there confess my Sin,

My Soul looks back to see  
The Burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed Tree,  
And hopes her Guilt was there,

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the Curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with chearful Voice,  
And sing his bleeding Love.

## H Y M N CXXII.

God reconcil'd in CHRIST.

**D**EAREST of all the Names above,  
Our Jesus and our God,

Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,  
Or trifle with thy Blood!

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,  
The Father smiles again;

'Tis by thine interceding Breath,  
The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,  
My Thoughts no Comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are Terrors to my Mind:

But if Immanuel's Face appear,  
My Hope, my Joy begins!  
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,  
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,  
And Greeks of Wisdom boast;  
I love th' incarnate Mystery,  
And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N CXXIII.

O come, let us sing unto the LORD.

**D**ISCIPLES of Christ,  
Ye Friends of the Lamb,  
Attend and assist

In singing his Fame:  
Eternal Thanksgiving  
The Faithful should pay,  
The living, the living,  
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay  
 He humbly put on,  
 And then took away  
 The Sin we had done :  
 And in it endured  
 The Wrath to us due,  
 The Curse we incurred,  
 Our Stripes and our Woe.

Not only he dy'd,  
 But also arose,  
 Laid Weakness aside,  
 And over his Foes  
 (Sin, Death, and the Devil)  
 He triumphed o'er,  
 And every Evil,  
 Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,  
 Who sits on the Throne.  
 We bow at thy Name,  
 We count thee alone  
 Deserving our Blessing,  
 And Blessing we'll give,  
 Without ever ceasing,  
 So long as we live.

H Y M N CXXIV. Adult-Baptism

**D**ESCEND, celestial Dove !  
 In ev'ry Bosom dwell ;  
 Upon the present Water move,  
 While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,  
 Baptize with purging Flames  
 This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,  
 In ceaseneſs living Streams.

The heav'nly Unction give,  
 The Promise, Lord, fulfil;  
 Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,  
 And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,  
 O meet us in the ſame;  
 And with this Water now convey  
 The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,  
 And grant the inward Grace;  
 Let this thy Servant, ſeal'd for thine,  
 From hence depart in Peace.

# H Y M N CXXV. Infant-Baptiſm.

**T**HUS did the Sons of Abr'am paſs  
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace;  
 The young Diſciples bore the Yoke,  
 Till Chriſt the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jeſus prove  
 His Father's Cov'nant and his Love!  
 He ſeals to Saints his glorious Grace,  
 And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their Seed is ſprinkl'd with his Blood,  
 Their Children ſet apart for God;

His Spirit on their Offspring shed;  
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.  
Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice  
In this large Covenant rejoice;  
Young Children, in their early Days,  
Shall give the God of Abr'am Praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Original and actual Sin confess'd and pardon'd.

**L**ORD, we would spread our sore Distress  
And Guilt before thine Eyes;  
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,  
How high our Crimes arise!

Should'st thou condemn our Souls to Hell,  
And crush our Flesh to Dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy Veng'ance well,  
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear each Soul  
With thy forgiving Love;  
O make our broken Spirits whole,  
And bid our Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
Not drive us from thy Face;  
Create anew each vicious Heart,  
And fill them with thy Grace.

H Y M N CXXVII. Behold the Man!

**Y**E serious Souls, draw near,  
My Song of Jesus hear:

Roll'd in Blood his Garments shine,  
See him gloriously divine;  
On his Hands your Names appear,  
Come with me, his Kingdom share.

Rivers of Pleasures flow  
From him, for you to know;  
You, who for your Saviour mourn;  
You, by Blood and Water born;  
You, who glad the Word receive;  
You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour see  
He liv'd and dy'd for thee:  
For you he came down from God,  
Empty'd all his Veins of Blood;  
This, the Lamb for Sinners slain,  
Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man!*

Come near, ye weary, come!  
His Arms shall make you Room!  
He, the Fruit of Jesse's Stem,  
Ope's to you the living Stream;  
Jesus, born of David's Line,  
You unto himself shall join.

Your Folly he shall hide,  
And bury in his Side;  
O come near, his Mercies taste,  
Let your Sins on him be cast;  
Bold, approach, for he shall bear  
All your Burden, all your Care.



All ye whom troubles tire,  
Who'd rest from Sin's Desire,  
Jesus bids you to the Feast,  
There is your eternal Rest;  
Come with me, and ye shall prove  
His an everlasting Love.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

**S**AVIOUR of the World. attend,  
Hearken to thy People's Moan;  
Art thou not the Sinner's Friend?  
Art thou not their Friend alone?  
Then thine Ear incline;  
While they for Redemption cry,  
'Think upon that Word of thine,  
"Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'st thou not the many Pray'rs  
Offer'd by thy Church, with thee?  
See'st thou not the thousand Tears  
Pour'd before thy Majesty?  
Mark'st thou not the Groans?  
Mind'st thou not the Yearnings great  
Of thy ransom'd Little-ones,  
Prostrate round thy Mercy-Seat?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,  
That so many Years they've cry'd?  
Must their Suit unanswer'd be,  
Shall their Pray'rs be still deny'd?

For thy Mercies' Sake,  
Turn thou the Captivity,  
Bring the banish'd Brethren back,  
Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive Exile loos'd,  
Lord, the Jubilee proclaim !  
All who Liberty refus'd,  
Let them call upon thy Name ;  
Who so calls on thee  
Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,  
Shall thy Spoil, dear Jesus, be,  
Monuments that thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's so boundless Pow'r  
Wide as the Creation reach ;  
Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,  
Thy eternal Mercy preach ;  
Let the ransom'd Seed  
Hear, and to thy Temple flow,  
All for whom thou'ft deign'd to bleed,  
Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Ensign very high,  
Let thy bloody Cross be seen,  
Let thy scarlet Banners fly,  
Glorious in the Sight of Men ;  
Sound the Angel loud,  
" Now begins the Jubilee !  
" Now Salvation comes from God,  
" All together it shall see !"

## HYMN CXXIX. The Same.

**H**OW many Years have we been driv'n  
 Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n?  
 Lord, it is Time that thou restore  
 Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thousand Years are nearly past  
 Since Adam from thy Sight was cast!  
 So long ago his fallen Race  
 From age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houses made of Clay,  
 And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day,  
 They cannot chuse but daily mourn,  
 'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim  
 The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
 When shall the captive Troops be free,  
 And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,  
 Send thou thine Angels, and Command;  
 "Go sound Deliv'rance! loudly blow  
 "Salvation to the Saints below!"

We want to have the Day appear,  
 The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year,  
 When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,  
 Isr'el in ceaseless Peace shall dwell!

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,  
 Thou still shalt hear our strong Request;  
 And this our daily Pray'r shall be,  
 Lord, sound the Trump of Jubilee!

## H Y M N CXXX.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy Pow'r,

Thou that art the Conqueror ;

Lead thy promis'd Glory on,

Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Isles do bless thy Name,

Let the West thy Worth proclaim ;

Wash the Ethiopian clean :

In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found

Who proclaim the joyful Sound ;

Let it to thy Isr'el come,

Let it bring the Wand'ers home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,

Thy in Troops the suppliant Race :

Princes shall adorn the Train ;

Monarchs bow, and bless thy Reign.

When, like Lightning thro' the Skies,

Will thy latter Glory rise ?

When shall we behold thy Pow'r ?

When salute th' accomplish'd Hour ?

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,

Tongues and Kindred wait to sing :

Then shall all the chosen Race

Shout aloud redeeming Grace.

Hallelujah.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

**O**UR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice;  
 Lift, ye Isles, a thankful Voice;  
 Every Throne, by one controul'd,  
 Well secures the passive World,

Higher than the Sons of Pride,  
 He bids raging Waves subside;  
 Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,  
 The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably wise,  
 Beauteous too his Counsel lies!  
 Ev'ry Way his Will is done,  
 Ev'ry Way his Justice shewn.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,  
 All subserves his standing Word;  
 Satan lets, and Men object,  
 Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,  
 Jesus will his Kingdom hold;  
 Wheels encircling Wheels must run,  
 Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith that trusts his Pow'r,  
 Blest are Saints that wait his Hour;  
 Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,  
 Let the glorious Close appear.

Hallelujah

HYMN CXXXII. For Good Friday.

**W**HO hath our Report believed ?  
 Shiloh come is not received,  
 Not received by his own ;  
 Promis'd Branch from Root of Jesse,  
 David's Offspring sent to bless ye,  
 Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,  
 What is thy fond Expectation ?  
 Some fair, spreading lofty Tree ?  
 Let not worldly Pride confound thee,  
 'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,  
 Mark the lowest—that is He.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,  
 Freely gave his Son to save us,  
 Bless'd the Son who freely came ;  
 Honour, Blessing, Adoration,  
 Ever, from the whole Creation,  
 Be to God and to the Lamb !

HYMN CXXXIII.

For the Fifth of November.

**S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys  
 Thro' the whole Nation run ;  
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise  
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,  
 Thee our glad Voices sing,  
 And join with the celestial Choir  
 To praise th' eternal King.



Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,  
 And on the starry Skies  
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs  
 Thine envious Foes devise,

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,  
 And, with an awful Frown,  
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,  
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defend our Land  
 From their malicious Pow'r;  
 Let Britain with united Songs  
 Almighty Grace adore.

# H Y M N CXXXIV.

For New Year's Day.

**T**HE Lord of Earth and Sky,  
 The God of Ages praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 Ancient of endless Days!  
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,  
 We cumber'd long the Ground,  
 No Fruit of Holiness  
 On our dead Souls was found;  
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare  
 Another, and another Year.

When Justice bare'd the Sword,  
 To cut the Fig-tree down,

The Pity of our Lord  
Cry'd, Let it still alone ;  
The Father mild inclines his Ear,  
And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
From God obtain'd the Grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer Space ;  
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another Year.

Then dig about our Root,  
Break up our fallow Ground,  
And let our gracious Fruit  
To thy great Praise abound :  
O let us all thy Praise declare,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear !

H Y M N CXXXV.

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

**N**ATURE with all her Pow'r shall sing,  
God the Creator, and the King ;  
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,  
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,  
Ye Seraphs, that sit near his Throne :  
Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound  
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,  
Exert your Force, and own his Name !

L

Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice  
We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,  
And makes it gracious like his own:  
Makes our successive Princes kind,  
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high  
To him that thunders thro' the Sky;  
The strongest Notes that Angels raise,  
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

### H Y M N CXXXVI.

For his Majesty King GEORGE, and Royal  
Family.

**L**ORD, thou hast bid thy People pray  
For all that bear the fov'reign Sway,  
And thy Vicegerent's Reign;  
Rulers, and Governors, and Pow'rs  
And lo! in Faith we pray for ours,  
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen Servant guard,  
And every threat'ning Danger ward  
From his anointed Head;  
Bid all his Grievs and Troubles cease,  
And thro' the Path of heav'nly Peace  
To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,  
Defeat their dire malicious Aim,  
Their baffled Hopes destroy;

But show'r on him thy Blessings down,  
Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,  
And everlasting Joy.

To hoary Hairs be thou his God,  
Late may he see that high Abode,  
Late to his Heav'n remove;  
Of Virtues full, and happy Days,  
Accounted worthy, by thy Grace,  
To fill a Throne above.

and when thou dost his Spir't receive  
give us in his Offspring, give  
Us back our King again;  
reserve them, Providence divine,  
and let the long illustrious Line  
To latest Ages reign.

secure us, of his Royal Race,  
man to stand before thy Face,  
And exercise thy Pow'r!  
With Wealth, Prosperity, and Peace,  
our Nation and our Church to bless,  
Till Time shall be no more.

The End of the First Book.

## H Y M N S

FOR

SOCIETY, and Persons meeting in  
Christian Fellowship.

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## BOOK II.

## HYMN I. For SOCIETY.

**W**HO can have greater Cause to sing,  
Who greater Cause to bless,  
Than we the Children of the King,  
Than we who Christ possess?  
*Than we who Christ possess?*  
*Than we who Christ possess?*

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join  
To praise thy Love and Pow'r;  
To magnify thy Grace divine,  
Thou mighty Counsellor, Thou, &c.  
We late were Satan's Captives led,  
And Hell had been our End,  
Had'it thou not for our Pardon bled,  
Thou Sinner's only Friend, Thou, &c.  
For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,  
Nor shall our Praises cease;  
We evermore will sing that Song,  
The Lord our Righteousness, The, &c.

No other God we know but thee,  
None else did us create;  
Thy Glory may we ever be,  
O holy Advocate, O holy, &c.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take  
The Mediator's Place,  
When we the Father's Statutes brake,  
All hail, thou Prince of Peace! All hail, &c.

We daily prove thee still the same,  
Whene'er our Need we see:  
Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,  
Our Saviour thou shalt be! Our, &c.

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,  
Shall us from thee divide;  
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,  
For us our Saviour dy'd, For us, &c.

H Y M N II. The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,  
Thy better Portion trace;  
Far from transitory Things,  
Tow'rd's Heav'n, thy native Place:  
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,  
Time shall soon this Earth remove;  
Fare thee, my Soul, and haste away  
To Seats prepar'd above.

Others to the Ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their Course;



Fire ascending seeks the Sun,  
 Both speed them to their Source;  
 So a Soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious Face,  
 Upward tends to his Abode,  
 To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onwards to the Prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the Skies :  
 Yet a Season, and you know  
 Happy Ent'rance will be given ;  
 All our Sorrows left below,  
 And Earth exchange'd for Heaven.

H Y M N III. Calling to follow JESUS

**C**OME, my Father's Family,  
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;  
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me  
 Are ev'ry-where abhor'd :  
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,  
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,  
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,  
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,  
 Our Master let us own ;  
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,  
 The Saviour he alone :  
 Let us take and bear his Cross,  
 Despisd Disciples let us be ;

Mock'd and slighted, as he was  
For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,  
None else will we adore :  
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Shall be for evermore ;  
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,  
None but Jesus call we ours,  
None but the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N IV. The Same.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb ;  
Join in publishing his Fame ;  
Let the whole Society  
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are ?  
We the Lord's peculiar Care ;  
We the precious Sons of God,  
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood !

Who can make their Boast like us ?  
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?  
We can boast, for we are made  
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor),  
Out of Love's eternal Store,  
Gave to each of us a Crown,  
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leave us desolate,  
While we're in our Pilgrim State ;  
Here he talks with us, and we  
Him by Faith's Perspective see.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,  
Well perswaded he us hears :  
Sure we do not pray in vain,  
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,  
He ne'er changes in his Love ;  
Faithful, gracious, good, the same  
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,  
High exalted Deity :  
Bless we thee, eternal Son,  
Glory be to thee alone !

## HYMN V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

**T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee ;  
No Music like thy charming Name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.  
O may we ever hear thy Voice  
In Mercy to us speak,  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,  
While in this World we stay,

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We'll sing our Iesu's lovely Name,  
 When all Things else decay :  
 When we appear in yonder Cloud,  
 With all his favour'd Throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our Song.

H Y M N VI. Peace of God's Children.

L O V I N G Saviour, Prince of Peace,  
 Author of our Unity,  
 Making Wars and Jarrings cease,  
 Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,  
 Kindly rule in us ;  
 Make us happily go on,  
 Helping each to bear his Cross,  
 Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,  
 Close together persevere,  
 True by one another keep,  
 Each esteeming very dear,  
 All together move :  
 Truly subject be the whole,  
 Bound in Bands of truest Love,  
 One in Heart, in Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,  
 One sole Doctrine witness too,  
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,  
 Slain for us, and this is true,  
 He will ours abide ;  
 He will our dear Portion be,

He who on Mount Calv'ry dy'd,  
Jesus, Jesus, only he!

Strive we who shall love thee most,  
Who shall most in Faith excel,  
Who can of the Saviour boast,  
Who can most of Jesus tell:

'This employ us all:  
Daily this contend we for,  
Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,  
Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,  
Little loving Children be,  
Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,  
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;  
So continue firm;  
While beneath us thou wilt lay  
Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,  
'Till we wake in endless Day.

### HYMN VII.

Sitting under CHRIST'S Shadow.

**B**LOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good,  
Sounds it in our Ears and Heart!  
Nothing, surely, like that Blood,  
Can such solid Bliss impart;  
Oh 'tis most divine!  
Weary Sinners hither fly,  
Laden with their crimson Sin,  
This blots out the dreadful Dye:

You who have the Law obey'd,  
 You who Righteousness t' attain,  
 Earnestly by Works assay'd,  
 But have found your Strife in vain ;  
 Turn you to Christ's Blood,  
 Thither look, and you no more  
 Shall lament an absent God,  
 Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Whoso after Rest inquires,  
 Let him to this Blood approach ;  
 Whoso truly Peace desires,  
 Jesu's Blood affordeth much ;  
 Be perswaded then ;  
 Lift ye up your down-cast Eyes,  
 See the Saviour bleeding, slain ;  
 There thy Rest, poor Sinner, lies.

Here may we take up our Place,  
 Here for ever happy be ;  
 Here wrap up our blushing Face,  
 Seeking nought beside to see ;  
 Here we now sit down,  
 Trusting in his Blood, and prove  
 What the Lord for us hath done ;  
 Who can fully tell his Love !

Y M N VIII. Te Deum, or Song of  
 Praise. DIALOGUE.

**W**E sing to thee, thou Son of God,  
 Who sav'd us by thy Grace ;  
*We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood*  
*Redeem'd our fallen Race.*



We thee acknowledge God and Lord,  
 Father ere Time began;  
*Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,  
 Worthy o'er both to reign.*

To thee all Angels cry aloud,  
 Thro' Heav'n's extended Coasts;  
*Hail, holy, holy, holy God  
 Of all immortal Hosts!*

The Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Are always praising thee;  
*The Worlds, and all the Pow'rs therein,  
 Adore thy Majesty.*

The Prophet's goodly Fellowship,  
 In milky Garments dress'd,  
*Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap  
 The Fulness of thy Rest.*

Th' Apostles' glorious Company  
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim;  
*The martyr'd Army glorify  
 Thy everlasting Name.*

Thro' all the World thy Churches join  
 T' acknowledge thee the Head;  
*Father of Majesty divine,  
 Who ev'ry Pow'r hast made.*

Also thy true and only Son,  
 Thy Family confess;  
*King of thy Saints, to us made known,  
 The Lord our Righteousness.*

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,  
The Spirit of the Lord,  
*The Comforter, whose kindling Rays*  
*Our dying Souls restor'd.*

H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in praising CHRIST.

**R**ISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,  
Daughters of Zion, sing;  
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,  
*Salute th' auspicious King.*

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue  
Be tun'd to praise the Lamb!  
*So ready be our ransom'd Throng*  
*To magnify his Name.*

Why stay we then? the Lord extol;  
Zion, break forth in Praise;  
*Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded Soul*  
*In pure seraphic Lays.*

Open, ye everlasting Doors,  
Divide, ye Gates of Bliss,  
*Ye with Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs;*  
*Praise Christ our Righteousness.*

H Y M N X. The Same.

LET us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,  
Our Shepherd's Mercy bless;  
*us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,*  
*Shew forth our Thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,  
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory giv'n!  
*Here shall thy Praises be begun,  
 But carry'd on in Heav'n.*

The Hosts of Spirits now with thee  
 Eternal Anthems sing;  
*To imitate them here, lo! we  
 Our Hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our Tongues like theirs inspir'd,  
 Like theirs our Songs should rise;  
*Like them, we never should be tir'd,  
 But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,  
 Accept our weaker Lays;  
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,  
 We'll join in nobler Praise.*

## HYMN XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

**T**ELL us, O Women, we would know  
 Whither so fast ye move;  
*We, call'd to leave the World below,  
 Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place  
 That ye are trav'ling from?  
*From Tribulation we, thro' Grace,  
 Are now returning home.*

Is not your native Country here?  
 Like you not this Abode?

*We seek a better Country far,  
A City built by God.*

*Thither we travel, nor intend  
Short of that Bliss to rest;  
Nor we, 'till in the Sinners' Friend  
Our weary Souls are bless'd.*

*Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,  
Saviour, we ask no more;  
Hail, Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,  
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!*

# H Y M N XII. Resting under the Cross.

**C**HILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade  
The Cross doth us afford;  
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,  
We thank thee for it, Lord.*

*A while sit down, and we'll prepare  
To sing his worthy Fame,  
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,  
Christ Jesus is his Name.*

*We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,  
The Virtue of thy Pain,  
We sing thy Griefs, thou dying God,  
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.*

*We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,  
To thee we bow the Knee:  
Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,  
The Prophets sang of thee.*

While others praise an unknown God,  
We each will sing of thee ;  
*Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,*  
*And liv'd and dy'd for me.*

H Y M N XIII. General Praise to CHRIST.

**O**NCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,  
We sing to thy eternal Name ;  
The whole Assembly join :  
To yonder Harpers' Harp we tune  
Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne  
We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society  
Mix with the happy Company  
Of Christians gone before ;  
And as they bless Messiah's Blood,  
We imitate their Song, and God,  
The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree  
To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;  
I thank him for his Grace ;  
Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,  
To bear us to the wish'd-for Throne,  
Where we may see thy Face,

Or if thou here would'st have us stay  
A longer Space, lo ! we obey ;  
Only let us be sure  
That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,  
And let thy Spir't be with us still,  
And we'll desire no more.

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## HYMN XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

**B**LESSED are the Sons of God,  
 They are bought with Christ's own Blood;  
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,  
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,  
 Long before the World begun;  
 They the Seal of this receive,  
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,  
 They enjoy a solid Peace;  
 All their Sins are wash'd away,  
 They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,  
 In the Works of Righteousness!  
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,  
 Children of a heav'nly Birth;  
 Born of God, they hate all Sin,  
 God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,  
 Thro' the Mediator's Blood;  
 One with God, with Jesus one,  
 Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,  
 Strangers quite to this World's Mirth;



Yet they have an inward Joy,  
Pleasures which can never cloy,

They alone are truly blest,  
Heirs of God, Joint-heirs with Christ;  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in Eternity!

H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity. A Dialogue.

**H**O Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be),  
We want to join with you:  
*Poor Christian-Travellers are we,  
To Canaan's Land we go.*

No Peace (tho' we have sought) we find  
In any Country here;  
*'Twas therefore we left all behind,  
Wealth, Name, and Character.*

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,  
As now in him we know:  
*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)  
Like Rivers in us flow.*

Let others then delight them here,  
Their Trifles we despise:  
*The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,  
The Bliss of Paradise.*

Then joyful let us journey on  
To certain Rest above;  
*Singing to him on yonder Throne  
Of free electing Love.*

## H Y M N XVI.

Glorifying God in CHRIST. DIALOGUE.

**B** Rethren, sing—'tis right you shou'd,  
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood;  
*Daughters of Jerusalem,*  
*Join we willingly the Theme.*

Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,  
Lo! for you the Lamb was slain;  
*Highly favour'd Women, praise*  
*Jesus in celestial Lays.*

Hail, Redeeming Lamb, who late  
Suffer'd Death without the Gate;  
*Hail! for by thy Death and Cross*  
*Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for us.*

None but Jesus will we sing,  
None but Jesus, Isr'el's King;  
*None but Jesus will we laud,*  
*None but Christ our Lord and God.*

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou  
Praise to have, and Honour too;  
*Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,*  
*Now, henceforth, and evermore.*

## H Y M N XVII. Heavenly Joy on Earth.

**C** OME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our Joys be known,  
Join in a Song of sweet Accord,  
And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind  
 Be banish'd from this Place ;  
 Religion never was design'd  
 To make our Pleasures less.  
 The Men of Grace have found  
 Glory begun below !  
 Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground  
 From Faith and Hope may grow.  
 The Hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred Sweets,  
 Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,  
 Or walk the golden Streets.  
 Then let our Songs abound,  
 And ev'ry Tear be dry,  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground  
 To fairer Worlds on high.

## H Y M N XVIII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with Men.

**O** Saviour, thou thy Mysteries  
 Hast often cover'd from the Wise,  
 And Babes thy Glory shew'd ;  
 Thy Wisdom far surpasses all  
 That studious Mortals Wisdom call,  
 Thou holy Lamb of God,  
 The nat'ral Man can't right conceive  
 The glorious Things which we believe,  
 How thou did'st us redeem ;

The Things thy Spirit teaches us,  
The Merits of thy Blood and Cross,  
Are Foolishness to him.

They this World's Wisdom seek and gain,  
That Wisdom which thou callest vain,  
But oh ! are Strangers still  
To that which makes our Spirits wise,  
And sets before our waiting Eyes  
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we who prove  
The Peace of God, his Truth, and Love,  
Things freely to us giv'n ;  
These Earnests are of greater Bliss,  
The Earnest of that Happiness  
Which we shall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N XIX. The Triumph of FAITH.

**H** EAD of the Church triumphant !  
We joyfully adore thee ;  
Till thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those in Glory,  
We lift our Hearts and Voices  
With blest Anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The Praise of our Salvation.  
While in Affliction's Furnace,  
And passing thro' the Fire,  
thy Love we praise, which knows our Days,  
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our Hands, exulting  
 In thine almighty Favour,  
 The Love divine, which made us thine,  
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People  
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,  
 Nor will we fear, whilst thou art near,  
 The Fire of Tribulation,  
 The World with Sin and Satan  
 In vain our March opposes;  
 By thee we shall break thro' them all,  
 And sing the Song of Moses.

By Faith we see the Glory  
 To which thou shalt restore us,  
 The Cross despise for that high Prize  
 Which thou hast set before us.  
 And if thou count us worthy,  
 ! We, each, as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see thee stand at God's right Hand,  
 To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XX. The Same.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is King!  
 Your Lord and King adore;  
 Mortals, give Thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore:  
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour reigns,  
The God of Truth and Love ;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his Seat above : Lift up, &c.

His Kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,  
The keys of Death and Hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n : Lift up, &c.

He sits at God's right Hand  
'Till all his Foes submit,  
And bow to his Command,  
And fall beneath his Feet : Lift up, &c,

Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his Servants up  
To their eternal Home :  
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,  
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

# H Y M N XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

**G**IVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,  
Meek Lamb-like Son of God,  
Bid our unruly Passions cease,  
O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,  
And in our inward Parts  
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,  
Let Love command our Hearts.



O let thy Love our Hearts constrain,  
 Jesus the Crucify'd!  
 What hast thou done our Hearts to gain!  
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd.

Who would not now pursue the Way  
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine!  
 Who would not own the pleasing Sway  
 Of Charity divine!

O let us find the ancient Way,  
 Our wond'ring Foes to move;  
 And force the Heathen World to say,  
 "See how these Christians love!"

## H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints. Part I.

**C**OME, and let us sweetly join  
 Christ to praise in Hymns divine;  
 Give we all, with one Accord,  
 Glory to our common Lord;  
 Strive we, in Affection strive,  
 Let the purer Flame revive,  
 Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,  
 Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,  
 Now, as Yesterday the same:  
 One in ev'ry Age and Place,  
 Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace!  
 Christ is now gone up on high,  
 (Thither may our Wishes fly!)

Sits at God's Right-hand above,  
There with him we reign in Love!

# H Y M N XXIII. Part II.

Partners of a glorious Hope,  
Lift your Hearts and Voices up;  
Jointly let us rise and sing  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:  
Monuments of Jesu's Grace,  
Speak we by our Lives his Praise;  
Walk in him we have receiv'd,  
New we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,  
God our Hearts doth still unite;  
Nearest Fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship of Jesu's Love:  
Sweetly each with each combin'd,  
The Bonds of Duty join'd,  
Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd,  
Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

All, O Lord, our Faith increase,  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;  
See, th' unholy cannot see;  
Make, O make us meet for thee!  
O'er thy vile Affection kill,  
Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill;  
Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,  
Write thy Law of Love within,

Hence may all our Actions flow,  
 Love the Proof that Christ we know;  
 Mutual Love the Token be,  
 Lord, that we belong to thee!  
 Love, thy Image, Love impart,  
 Stamp it fully on each Heart;  
 Only Love to us be giv'n,  
 Lord, we ask no other Heav'n.

## H Y M N XXIV. Part III.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear  
 Faith's effectual fervent Pray'r;  
 Hear, and our Petition seal,  
 Let us now the Answer feel,  
 Mystically one with thee,  
 Transcript of the Trinity;  
 Thee let all our Nature own,  
 One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one Body up,  
 Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;  
 One the Spirit whom we claim,  
 One the pure baptismal Flame;  
 One the Faith, and common Lord,  
 One the Father lives ador'd,  
 Over, thro', and in us all,  
 God incomprehensible!

One with God, the Source of Bliss,  
 Ground of our Communion this;  
 Life of all that live below,  
 Let thy Emanations flow;

Rise eternal in our Heart;  
 Thou our only Eden art;  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Be to us what Adam lost.

## H Y M N XXV. Part IV.

**H**USBAND of thy Church below,  
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,  
 Unto thee betroth'd in Love,  
 Always faithful let us prove;  
 Never rob thee of our Heart,  
 Never give the Creature Part;  
 Only thou possess the Whole,  
 Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,  
 Love the mystic Union be!  
 Union to the World unknown,  
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one!  
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,  
 Till the Lamb shall take us home;  
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,  
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,  
 Thou art with thy Father one;  
 One with him in us be shew'd,  
 Very God of very God;  
 Sent our Spirits to unite,  
 Sent to make us Sons of Light;  
 Sent that we his Grace may prove,  
 All the Riches of his Love.

## H Y M N XXVI. Part V.

**C**HRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,  
 Comforting thy Saints below,  
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,  
 Who thy mystic Body are;  
 Join us, in one Spirit join,  
 Let us still receive of thine,  
 Still for more on thee we call,  
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,  
 Diverse Gifts to each divide;  
 Plac'd according to thy Will,  
 Let us all our Works fulfil;  
 Never from our Office move,  
 Needful to the others prove,  
 Use the Grace on each bestow'd,  
 Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now and one,  
 We who Jesus have put on:  
 There is neither Bond nor free,  
 Male nor Female, Lord, in thee,  
 Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,  
 Render'd all Distinctions void;  
 Names and Sects and Parties fall,  
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

## H Y M N XXVII. Part VI.

**K**ING of Saints, to whom are giv'n  
 All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,  
 Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,  
 Join'd and gather'd into one:

Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,  
 Lo! to thee our Hopes we raise;  
 Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,  
 Full of Immortality!

Absent in our Flesh from home,  
 We are to Mount Sion come:  
 Heav'n is our Soul's Abode,  
 City of the living God;  
 Enter'd there, our Seats we claim  
 In the New Jerusalem;  
 Join the countless Angel Choir,  
 Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,  
 We are made with them to sit;  
 Sweetest Fellowship we prove  
 With the general Church above;  
 Saints who now their Names behold  
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,  
 Spirits of the Righteous, made  
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,  
 Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts;  
 Abel's Blood for Veng'ance cry'd,  
 Jesus speaks us justify'd!  
 Speaks and calls for better Things,  
 Makes us Prophets, Priests, and Kings!  
 Asks that we with him may reign,  
 Earth and Heaven, say Amen!



## HYMN XXVIII.

For Persons joined in Fellowship.

**T**RY us, O God, and search the Ground  
Of ev'ry sinful Heart ;  
Whate'er of Sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

When to the Right or Left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our Feet into the Way  
Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's Cross to bear :  
Let each his friendly Aid afford,  
And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,  
Our little Stock improve ;  
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,  
And perfect us in Love.

Then, when the mighty Work is wrought,  
Receive the ready Bride :  
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot  
With all the Sanctify'd.

## HYMN XXIX. The Same.

**J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy Name agree ;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid our Jars for ever cease.  
By thy reconciling Love,  
Every Stumbling-block remove,

Each to each unite, endear;  
Come, and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,  
Each his Brother's Burden bear;  
To thy Church the Pattern give,  
Shew how true Believers live:

Let us then with Joy remove  
To thy Family above;  
On the Wings of Angels fly,  
Shew how true Believers die.

### H Y M N XXX. At Meeting.

**B**LEST by Jesu's Providence,  
Lo! we meet again in Peace!  
May we, when we fly from hence,  
Meet in a more glorious Place!

When we once shall there arrive,  
Ever happy we shall reign;  
Ever with our Saviour live,  
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,  
Grief shall never there appear;  
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,  
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,  
Forward boldly let us press;  
Humbly let our Souls presume,  
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,  
When the Family complete,  
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,  
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on the Day,  
Glorious to thy Judgment come!  
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,  
Lord, we long to be at home.

# H Y M N XXXI. At Parting.

**B**LEST be the dear uniting Love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our Bodies may far off remove,  
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go;  
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,  
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,  
To his belov'd Embrace.

Expect his Fulness to receive,  
And Grace to answer Grace.

But let us hasten to the Day  
Which shall our Flesh restore;  
When Death shall all be done away,  
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXXII. Adoring CHRIST.

Worthy is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,  
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our  
Shame,

On God's eternal Throne to reign;  
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,  
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng;  
Let all thy Hosts thy Grace confess,  
And call thee, Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests  
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests;  
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,  
And bought and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let ev'ry Spirit now with thee,  
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,  
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne  
With Worship due to thee alone!

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine!  
And Strength and Majesty divine!  
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,  
The only, everlasting Lord!

## H Y M N XXXIII. The Same.

**B**rethren, let us join to bless  
 Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace;  
 Let our Praise to him be giv'n,  
 High at God's Right-hand in Heav'n.

Master, see to thee we bow,  
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou!  
 Thou, the blessed Virgin's Seed,  
 Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,  
 Thee we praise, our Pr est and King;  
 Worthy is thy Name of Praise,  
 Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought  
 Of Salvation by thee wrought;  
 Wrought for all thy Church! and we  
 Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore  
 Thee, the Lord for evermore!  
 Ever with us, shew thy Love,  
 'Till we join with those above!

## H Y M N XXXIV.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

**C**OME, divine Immanuel, come,  
 Take Possession of thy Home,  
 Now thy Mercy's Wings expand;  
 Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,  
 spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea;  
 Re-convert the ransom'd Race,  
 save us, save us, Lord, by Grace!

O that ev'ry Soul might be  
 suddenly subdu'd to thee!  
 O that all in thee might know  
 everlasting Life below!

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,  
 stretch throughout the happy Land;  
 Take Possession of thy Home,  
 come, divine Immanuel, come!

Y M N XXXV. Rejoicing in Hope.

O Children of the heav'nly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,  
 glorious in his Works and Ways!

We are trav'ling Home to God,  
 the Way the Fathers trod;  
 they are happy now, and we  
 on their Happiness shall see.

Ye banish'd Seed, be glad!  
 Christ our Advocate is made!  
 to save, our Flesh assumes,  
 another to our Souls becomes.

Out, ye little Flock and blest,  
 on Jesu's Throne shall rest;



There your Seat is now prepar'd,  
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand  
On the Borders of your Land :

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lo'd, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

### H Y M N XXXVI.

Breathing after Holiness.

**L**OVE divine, all Loves excelling,  
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,

All thy faithful Mercies crown :  
Jesus ! thou art all Compassion,  
Pure unbounded Love thou art,  
Visit us with thy Salvation,  
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into ev'ry troubled Breast !

Let us all in thee inherit,

Let us find thy promis'd Rest ;  
Take away the Love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of Faith, as its Beginning,  
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy Life receive !  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy Temples leave !  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy Hosts above ;  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious Love.  
 Finish then thy new Creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
 Let us see thy great Salvation  
 Perfectly restor'd by thee !  
 Change from Glory into Glory,  
 'Till in Heav'n we take our Place ;  
 Till we cast our Crowns before thee,  
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise !

HYMN XXXVII. The Christian Soldier.

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And put your Armour on,  
 Strong in the Strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son :  
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in his mighty Pow'r,  
 Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts  
 Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,  
 With all his Strength endu'd ;  
 And take, to arm you for the Fight,  
 The Panoply of God ;

That having all Things done,  
 And all your Conflicts past,  
 You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you !  
 What can his Love withstand ?  
 Believe, hold fast your Shield, and who  
 Shall pluck you from his Hand ?  
 Believe that Jesus reigns,  
 All Pow'r to him is giv'n ;  
 Believe, till, freed from Nature's Chains,  
 You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake ;  
 Hither, he saith, come up !  
 The Helmet of Salvation take,  
 The Confidence of Hope :  
 Hope for his perfect Love,  
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,  
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,  
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship, alone  
 To God with Faith draw near ;  
 Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne  
 With all the Pow'r of Pray'r ;  
 Go to his Temple, go,  
 Nor from his Altar move ;  
 Let ev'r'y House his Worship know,  
 And ev'r'y Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
 Tread all the Pow'rs of Darknes down,  
 And win the well-fought Day;  
 Still let the Spirit cry  
 In all his Soldiers, "Come,"  
 'Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
 And takes the Conqu'rors home.

H Y M N XXXVIII. Panting after God.

**T**Hou hidden Love of God, whose Height,  
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man  
 knows,

I see from far thy beauteous Light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose :  
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,  
 That strives with thee my Heart to share ?  
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone  
 The Lord of ev'ry Motion there !  
 Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,  
 When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me may live !  
 My vile Affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling Lust survive :  
 In all Things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee !

Oh Love ! thy sov'reign Aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted Care;  
 Chase this Self-will thro' all my Heart,  
 Thro' all its latent Mazes there :  
 Make me thy duteous Child, that I  
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away  
 My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call ;  
 Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,  
 'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !  
 To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,  
 To taste thy Love, be all my Choice !

### H Y M N XXXIX. Adoring Jesus.

**O** Come let us join, together combine,  
 To praise our dear Saviour, our Master  
 divine.

Him let us adore, who, cover'd with Gore  
 Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and  
 poor.

He worthy is blest'd, by Spirits at rest,  
 Who once in this Desert, his Godhead con-  
 fess'd.

The heavenly Spheres, who saw him in Tears,  
 Yea, ev'ry strong Angel, his Person reveres.

The Prophets, who told his Suff'rings of old,  
 Sing now sweet Thanksgivings on Psalt'ries  
 of Gold.

The Fathers, to whom he shew'd he would  
come,

Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men, who for him were slain,  
From Abel the Righteous, share now in his  
Reign,

Th' Apostles who stood, resisting to Blood -  
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

The Confessors too, them prostrating low,  
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thank-  
fully bow.

O Church of the Lamb, here met do the same,  
With Saints, and with Angels, bless Jesus's  
Name.

My Soul, bear a Part, for ransom'd thou art  
By Jesu's Blood-shedding, his Burial and  
Smart.

To him that was slain, the scorn'd Nazarene.  
Be Glory and Honour; Let all say, Amen.

H Y M N XL. Judgment.

**L** O, he cometh! countless Trumpets  
Blow before the bloody Sign,

'Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,

See the Crucified shine,

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,

Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds:



Now resplendent shine his Nail-prints,  
 Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds ;  
 They who pierc'd him, They, &c.  
 Shall at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,  
 Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away ;  
 All, who hate him, must, ashamed,  
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day :  
 Come to Judgment, Come, &c.  
 Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his Glory  
 Shining in his bruised Face ;  
 His dear Person, on the Rainbow,  
 Now his People's Head shall raise,  
 Happy Mourners ! Happy, &c.  
 Lo, in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn Pomp appear ;  
 All his People, once despised,  
 Now shall meet him in the Air :  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd  
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy ;  
 All the Nations now shall sing him  
 Songs of everlasting Joy.  
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! &c.  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

## H Y M N XLI.

CHRIST our Great High Priest.

**A** Good High Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's Place,  
 And taking up his Room,  
 Dispensing Life and Grace ;  
 The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,  
 But Grace and Truth by Jesu's Name.

My Lord a Priest is made,  
 As sware the mighty God  
 To Isr'el and his Seed,  
 Ordain'd to offer Blood :  
 For Sinners who his Mercy seek,  
 A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once Temptations knew  
 Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,  
 That he might Succour shew  
 To ev'ry tempted Mind ;  
 In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd  
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,  
 And by the Altar stands ;  
 There shews how he was slain,  
 And, op'ning his pierc'd Hands,  
 He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our Cause,  
 Transgressors of his righteous Laws.

I other Priests disclaim,  
 And Laws and Off'rings too ;

None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty Work could do :  
 He shall have all the Praise, for He  
 Alone me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

## HYMN XLII.

At the Death of a Believer.

**W**HY do we mourn departing Friends,  
 Or shake at Death's Alarms ?  
 'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as Time can move ?  
 Why should we with the Hours more slow,  
 That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their Bodies to the Tomb ?  
 There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd ev'ry Bed ;  
 Where should the dying Members rest,  
 But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,  
 And shew'd our Feet the Way ;  
 Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly  
 At the great Rising Day.

## H Y M N XLIII. Funeral.

**T**EACH me the Measure of my Days,  
 Thou Maker of my Frame;  
 Would survey Life's narrow Space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,  
 An Inch or two of Time:  
 Man is but Vanity and Dust  
 In all his Flow'r and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,  
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain;  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,  
 Some dig for golden Ore:  
 They toil for Heirs, they know not who,  
 And strait are seen no more.

We are but strangers here below,  
 As all our Fathers were;  
 May we be well prepar'd to go,  
 When we the Summons hear!

## H Y M N XLIV. The Same.

**M**Y Soul, come meditate the Day,  
 And think how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this House of Clay,  
 And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,  
 And place us in their Stead!

Then would our Spirits learn to fly,  
 And converse with the Dead.  
 Then should we see the Saints above  
 In their own glorious Forms,  
 And wonder why our Souls should love  
 To dwell with mortal Worms.

## H Y M N XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'T IS finish'd! 'tis done!

The Spirit is fled,

The Pris'ner is gone,

The Christian is dead:

The Christian is living,

In Jesus his Love,

And gladly receiving

A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise

Are Jesus's Due;

Supported by Grace,

He fought his Way thro';

Triumphantly glorious,

Thro' Jesus's Zeal,

And more than victorious

O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

Then let us record

The conquering Name,

Our Captain and Lord

With Shoutings proclaim;

Who trust in his Passion,  
And follow our Head,  
To certain Salvation  
We all shall be led.

O Jesus! lead on  
Thy militant Care,  
And give us the Crown  
Of Righteousness there;  
Where, dazzl'd with Glory,  
The Seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord, and display  
Thy Sign in the Sky,  
And bear us away  
To Mansions on high:  
The Kingdom be giv'n,  
The Purchase divine,  
And crown us in Heav'n  
Eternally thine.

H Y M N XLVI. The Same.

**H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!  
Another has enter'd his Rest,  
Another is 'scap'd to the Sky,  
And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast:  
The Soul of our Sister is gone  
To heighten the Triumph above,  
Exalted to Jesus's Throne,  
And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love.



How happy the Angels that fall  
 Transported at Jesus's Name!  
 The Saints whom he soonest shall call  
 To share in the Feast of the Lamb!  
 No longer imprison'd in Clay  
 Who next from his Dungeon shall fly?  
 Who first shall be summon'd away?  
 My merciful God—Is it I?  
 O Jesus! if this be thy Will,  
 That suddenly I should depart,  
 Thy Counsel of Mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the Call to my Heart!  
 O give me a Signal to know  
 If soon thou would'st have me remove;  
 And leave the dull Body below,  
 And fly to the Regions of Love!

H Y M N XLVII. The Same.

**T**Hanks be to God, whose faithful Love  
 Hath call'd another to his Breast:  
 Translated him to Joys above,  
 To Mansions of eternal Rest!  
 By minist'ring Spirits convey'd,  
 Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky  
 He rests; in Abraham's Bosom laid,  
 He lives with God, no more to die.  
 O that we all may thus break through,  
 The Crown with holy Violence seize;

The starry Crown to Conquest due,  
The Crown of Life and Righteousness!

Will not the righteous Judge bestow  
The Prize on all who seek him here;  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He will (our Hearts cry out), he will  
These eager Wishes more than meet,  
These infinite Desires fulfil,  
And make our Happiness complete.

O what a Soul-o'erpow'ring Thought!  
'Tis Ecstasy too great to bear:  
We all at once shall be up caught,  
And meet our Jesus in the Air!

# H Y M N XLVIII. The Same.

ove **A** H! lovely Appearance of Death!  
No Sight upon Earth is so fair,  
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe  
Can with a dead Body compare.  
With solemn Delight I survey  
The Corpse when the Spirit is fled;  
In love with the beautiful Clay,  
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his Mind;  
How easy the Soul that hath left  
This wearisome Body behind!

Of Evil incapable thou,  
 Whose Relics with Envy I see:  
 No longer in Misery now,  
 No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more  
 With Sicknefs, or shaken with Pain;  
 The War in the Members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again.  
 No Anger henceforward, or Shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent Clay:  
 Extinct is the animal Flame,  
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing Head is at rest,  
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;  
 This quiet immoveable Breast  
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more:  
 This heart is no longer the Seat  
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,  
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,  
 These Hollows from Water are free!  
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,  
 And Evil they never shall see.

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To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a Prison I breathe,  
 And still for Deliverance pine,  
 And press to the Issues of Death :  
 What now with my Tears I bedew,  
 O might I this Moment become ;  
 My Spirit created anew,  
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

H Y M N XLIX. The Same.

**J**ESUS, come! our dearest Jesus,  
 Save us from the World beneath ;  
 From a Life of Pain release us,  
 From a Life of daily Death :  
 Listen to the ceaseless Moaning  
 Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove ;  
 Answer, Lord, the Spirit's Groaning,  
 Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us  
 In the Garner of the Grave ;  
 Jesus, come ! to Life restore us,  
 Us from all our Trouble save ;  
 Us, in infinite Compassion,  
 To our happier Friends unite ;  
 Raise us to our highest Station,  
 Rank us with thy Saints in Light,  
 Still we bear about thy Dying,  
 In our feeble Bodies here ;

Languishing for thee, and crying,  
 Light of Life, in us appear ;  
 Take us to thy kind Embraces,  
 To thy heav'nly Banquet lead ;  
 Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,  
 Set the Crown upon our Head.

H Y M N L. CHRIST's Nativity.

**A**LL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,  
 Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's Birth ;  
 The forfeited Favour of Heav'n we find  
 Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Man-  
 kind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,  
 By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd ;  
 Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,  
 And publish Salvation in Jesus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have seen,  
 And joyfully sing his Goodness to Men ;  
 That all Men may wonder at what we impart,  
 And thankfully ponder his Love in their  
 Heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to  
 stoop ?

He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up ;  
 That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return  
 To God and to Heav'n ; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love, let Sinners confess,  
Who comes from above to bring us his Peace;  
Let ev'ry Believer his Mercy adore, (more.  
And praise him for ever, when Time is no

H Y M N LI. The Same.

**A**WAY with our Fears!  
The Godhead appears;  
In Christ reconcil'd,  
The Father of Mercies, in Jesus the Child.  
He comes from above  
In manifest Love;  
The Desire of our Eyes,  
The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.  
At Immanuel's Birth,  
What a Triumph on Earth!  
Yet could it afford  
No better a Place for its heav'nly Lord?  
The Ancient of Days,  
To redeem a lost Race,  
From his Glory comes down,  
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.  
Made Flesh for our Sake,  
That we might partake  
The Nature divine,  
And again in his Image, his Holiness shine:  
An heav'nly Birth  
Experience on Earth,



And rise to his Throne,  
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe  
And gladly receive  
The Tidings they bring,  
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and  
King.

And while we are here,  
Our King shall appear;  
His Spirit impart,  
And form his full Image of Love in our  
Heart.

H Y M N LII. The Same.

**C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy People free;  
From our Fears and Sins release us,  
Let us find our Rest in thee:  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the Earth thou art;  
Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,  
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,  
Born a Child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring:  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our Hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient Merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

H Y M N LIII. The Same.

**L**ET Angels and Archangels sing  
The wonderful Immanuel's Name :  
Adore with us our new-born King,  
And still the joyful News proclaim ;  
All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd  
To praise the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,  
'To sojourn with the Sons of Men :  
Without his Majesty or Crown,  
The great Invisible is seen ;  
Of all his dazzling Glories shorn,  
The everlasting God is born !

Angels, behold that Infant's Face,  
With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;  
'Tis all your Heav'n on him to gaze.  
And cast your Crowns before his Throne :  
Tho' now he on his Footstool lies,  
Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Existence brought,  
Ye sang the all-creating Word :  
Ye heard him call our World from nought,  
Again, in Honour of our Lord,  
Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,  
And shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

## HYMN LIV. CHRIST'S Incarnation.

ALL-wise, all-good, almighty Lord,  
 Jesus, by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
 Ere Time its Course began ;  
 How did thy glorious Mercy stoop  
 To take the fallen Nature up,  
 When thou thyself wert Man !

Th' eternal God from Heav'n came down,  
 The King of Glory dropt his Crown,  
 And veil'd his Majesty :  
 Empty'd of all but Love he came,  
 Jesus, I call thee by the Name  
 Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy Birth  
 Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,  
 And Praise to God on high !  
 Come, thou who didst my Flesh assume,  
 Now to the abject Sinner come,  
 And in a Manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy Person join  
 The Natures Human and Divine,  
 That God and Men might be  
 Henceforth inseparably one ?  
 Hast thou, and make thy Nature known  
 Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful Flesh appear ;  
 O God, be manifested here,  
 Peace, Righteousness, and Joy ;

Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within  
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,  
The Devil's Works, destroy.

H Y M N LV. Admiring CHRIST's Love.

**Y**E Children of my God,  
Ye dear peculiar Race,  
Who're wash'd in Jesu's Blood,  
And sav'd thro' Faith by Grace;  
Attend, and join to tell his Fame  
Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From all Eternity  
He lov'd the Sinner's Train;  
His Love him forc'd to die,  
Compell'd him to be slain:  
For us, and in our Stead he stood,  
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us  
When we were Enemies;  
And on th' accursed Cross,  
Amidst his Tears and Cries,  
He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,  
Father, they know not what they do!

He thought upon us when  
The Blood ran from his Heart,  
In all his Grief and Pain,  
In all his chiefest Smart:  
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave;  
And bare it, that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,  
His Foes he loves, and cries,  
Believe ye in my Name,  
Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes;  
Behold me, and you yet shall live,  
I freely will Salvation give.

H Y M N LVI.

**O** Come, let us join,  
In Music divine,  
The Saviour to laud,  
'Tis meet, and fit,  
It is charming and perfectly sweet,  
The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our  
'Tis a Pleasure to sing (God,  
Of a crucify'd King,  
With Courage and Flame;  
The Angels that love us,  
And Seraphs above us,  
Do always the same.  
Hark! hark! how they shout,  
All Heaven throughout,  
In sounding his Name.  
Come, all that are here,  
Your Thanksgivings rear  
To Jesus your Chief;  
'Tis good, we shou'd  
It is lovely and better than Food,  
It raises our Joy, and banishes Grief;

Then in him we'll rejoice,  
Up to him lift our Voice,  
And Spirit within ;  
Who lov'd us so greatly,  
To wash us completely  
From Guilt and from Sin.  
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,  
All Heaven throughout,  
A Jesus divine !

He's worthy, they cry  
The Lamb that did die :  
So warbles their Tongue.  
Let us do thus,  
His comely his Praise to discuss,  
A Theme ever proper by us to be sung ;  
'Tis our Duty and Gain,  
And it shan't be in vain  
His Praise to repeat,  
Who Pardon dispenses  
For all our Offences,  
Tho' ever so great.  
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,  
All Heaven throughout,  
A Saviour complete !

All Glory to him  
Who Souls does redeem  
From Converse unfit ;  
Agree, do we,  
It will ever becoming us be  
Hosanna to Jesus with Joy to transmit ;



To God's dear-below'd Son  
 Be all Praise and Renown,  
 Dominion and Might,  
 Who Sinners embraces,  
 And fills them with Graces  
 To do what is right.

Hark! hark! how they shout,  
 All Heav'n throughout,  
 The Morning Star bright.

Come, sing him once more.  
 (We may not give o'er)  
 For Sinners who pleads,  
 Beguil'd, defil'd,

And to bring them to God reconcil'd,  
 He still intercedes, and always succeeds;  
 This dear Saviour of Men,  
 Let us sing once again,  
 Who purges his own,

And makes them all glorious,  
 And more than victorious,  
 Then gives them a Crown.

Hark! hark! how they shout,  
 All Heav'n throughout,  
 The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father, and Son,  
 And Dove, Three in One,  
 Be Glory and Praise,  
 By us, and those

Who in glorious celestial Repose  
 Do ceaseless their Songs of Thanksgiving  
 May the Three-One be sung (raise,  
 By each Cherubin-Tongue ;  
 Let no Tongue be mute,  
 Join, Beings celestial,  
 And Beings terrestrial,  
 The Great and Minute,  
 Join all in one Choir,  
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,  
 With Praise to salute.

H Y M N LVII. Praise to CHRIST.

**O**FFSPRING of David, David's Root,  
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit,  
 To Thee propitious, Thee our King,  
 The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,  
 Hymns shall our grateful Lips employ ;  
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing  
 We'd gladly wait, and love and sing.

Hasten the Time when we shall shine  
 With Angels, and Archange's join,  
 With righteous Spirits gone before,  
 For ever thy sweet Name t' adore.

With them our ravish'd Souls would rest,  
 And share with them thy Marriage Feast ;

Q

Among their Number, in their Lays,  
We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our Souls are thus deny'd,  
Lest we should fall, or turn aside,  
Jesus, our kind Protection prove,  
And love us with eternal Love.

H Y M N. LVIII. Morning.

**R**ISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels, praise, join thy Lays,  
With them be Partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,

In thy Light, lead me right  
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,

'Till my Soul shall be full  
Of thy blessed Essence.

O my Jesus, God almighty,

Pray for me, till I see  
Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus giv'n,

Be my Guide, lest my Pride  
Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night wast my Protector,

With me stay all the Day,  
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver

Of all Good, Life and Food,  
Reign ador'd for ever !

Grace before Meat.

**B**E present at our Table, Lord,  
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;  
These Creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

After Meat.

**W**E thank thee, Lord, for this our Food,  
But more because of Jesu's Blood ;  
Let Manna to our Souls be giv'n,  
The Bread of Life sent down from Heav'n.

H Y M N LIX. Evening.

**E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour,  
This Day shew'd, by my God,  
Will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render  
To thy Name, still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender !

Leave me not, but ever love me ;  
Let thy Peace be my Bliss,  
Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation ;  
Let thy Care now be near,  
Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,  
Safely keep, while I sleep,  
Me with all thy Pow'r.  
Where'er in Death I slumber,

Let me rise with the Wise,  
Counted in their Number !

H Y M N LX. Glorifying in the Cross.

**W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
My richest Gain I count but Loss,  
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Death of Christ, my God :  
All the vain Things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,  
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,  
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown !

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,  
That were a Present far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N LXI. After Sermon.

**O**Jesu, our Lord, thy Name be ador'd,  
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro'  
thy Word.

In Spirit we trace thy Wonders of Grace,  
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.

The Ancient of Days his Glory displays,  
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing  
Rays.

The Trumpet of God is sounding abroad,  
The Language of Mercy, Salvation through  
Blood.

Thrice happy are they who hear and obey,  
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know the Saviour below,  
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

This Blessing be mine, thro' Favour divine;  
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine!

H Y M N LXII.

JESU, shew us thy Salvation  
(In thy Strength we strive with thee);

By thy mystic Incarnation,

By thy pure Nativity,

Save us, thou our new Creator,

Into all our Souls impart

Thy divine and holy Nature,

Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy first Blood-shedding heal us,

Cut us off from ev'ry Sin;

By thy Circumcision seal us,

Write thy Law of Love within.

By thy Spirit circumscribe us,

Kindle in our Hearts a Flame;

By thy Baptism now baptise us

Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Fasting and Temptation,

Mortify our vain Desires;



Take away what Sense or Passion,  
 Appetite or Flesh require ;  
 Arm us with thy Self-denial,  
 Ev'ry tempted Soul defend ;  
 Save us in the fiery Trial,  
 Make us faithful to the End.  
 By thy great and bitter Passion,  
 By thy Suff'ring on the Tree,  
 Save us from the Indignation  
 Due to all Mankind and me ;  
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,  
 Gasping out thy latest Breath ;  
 By thy precious Death's Applying,  
 Save us from eternal Death.  
 By the Pomp of thine Ascending,  
 Live we here to Heav'n restor'd,  
 Live in Pleasures never ending,  
 Share the Portion of our Lord ;  
 Let us have our Conversation  
 With the blessed Spir'its above ;  
 Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,  
 Perfectly renew'd in Love.

H Y M N LXIII.

CHRIST'S Second Coming.

**H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe :  
 The seventh Trumpet speaks him near !  
 The Lightnings flash, the Thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul.  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices found,  
See th' almighty Jesus crown'd !  
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,  
Glory, &c. decks the Saviour's Face.

Descending from his azure Throne,  
He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;  
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord ;  
Hail him, &c. their triumphant Lord.

Shout, all the People of the Sky,  
And all the Saints of the Most High ;  
Our God, who now his Right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns,  
Ever, &c. and for ever reigns.

The Father bless, the Son adore,  
The Spirit praise for evermore ;  
Salvation's glorious Work is done,  
We welcome Thee, Great Three in One,  
Welcome, &c. Thee, Great Three in One !

H Y M N LXIV. The Backslider.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye  
Call back a wand'ring Sheep ;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep :  
Let me be by Grace restor'd,  
On me be all Long-suff'ring shewn !  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
Turn, and look upon me Lord,

And break my Heart of Stone,  
*And break my Heart of Stone.*

Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, thro' thy dying Love,

The humble contrite Heart :  
 Give me, what I've long implor'd,  
 The Blessing of thy Grief unknown ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my Heart of Stone,

See me, Saviour from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die,  
 Life, and Happiness, and Love,  
 Drop from thy gracious Eye;  
 Speak the reconciling Word,  
 And let thy Mercy melt me down ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld  
 The Harlot in Distress,  
 Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,  
 And bade her go in Peace ;  
 Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,  
 I at thy Feet for Mercy groan :  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my Heart of Stone,

Look, as when condemn'd for them,  
 Thou did'st thy Foll'wers see,  
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,  
 " Weep for Yourselves, not Me."

Am I by my God deplor'd,  
And shall I not myself bemoan  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy piteous Eye  
Was clos'd that we might live,  
"Father," (at the Point to die)  
My Saviour gasp'd, "Forgive!"  
Surely with that dying Word  
He turns and looks, and cry'd, "Tis done!"  
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

H Y M N LXV.

An H Y M N to the T R I N I T Y.

C O M E, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious!  
Come, and reign over us,  
ANCIENT OF DAYS!

J E S U S, our LORD, arise,  
Scatter our Enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Let thine almighty Aid  
Our sure Defence be made,  
Our Souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord hear our Call!

Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty Sword—

Our Prayers attend!  
Come, and thy People bless,  
And give thy Word Success;

SPiRiT of Holiness,  
On us descend!

Come, Holy COMFORTER,  
Thy sacred Witness bear  
In this glad Hour!

Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,

SPiRiT OF POW' R!

To the Great ONE IN THREE  
Eternal Praises be  
Hence—evermore!

His sov'reign Majesty  
May we in Glory see,  
And to Eternity  
Love and adore!

# H Y M N LXVI.

CHRIST the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

JESU, Lover of my Soul,  
Let me to thy Bosom fly,  
While the nearer Waters roll,  
While the Tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
'Till the Storm of Life is past;

Safe into the Haven guide,

O receive my Soul at last!

Other Refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,

Leave! ah! leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me:

All my Trust on thee is stay'd,

All my Help from thee I bring;

Cover my defenceless Head

With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,

More than All in thee I find;

Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,

Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind!

Just and holy is thy Name,

I am all Unrighteousness!

Vile and full of Sin I am,

Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,

Grace to pardon all my Sin;

Let the healing Streams abound,

Make, and keep me pure within:

Thou of Life the Fountain art,

Freely let me take of thee;

Spring thou up within my Heart,

Rise to all Eternity!

H Y M N LXVII. Desiring to praise worthily

**C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!  
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!



Streams of Mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise ;  
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming Tongues above ;  
 Praise the Mount—oh fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging Love !

Here I raise my *Eben-Exer*,  
 Hither by thine Help I'm come ;  
 And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home ;  
 Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from Danger,  
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O ! to Grace, how great a Debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that Grace, now like a Fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee !  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my Heart—O take and seal it !  
 Seal it from thy Courts above !

### H Y M N LXVIII.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

**O** Lord, how great's the Favour,  
 That we, such Sinners poor,  
 Can through thy Blood's sweet Saviour,  
 Approach thy Mercy's Door ;

And find an open Passage  
 Unto the Throne of Grace,  
 There wait the welcome Message  
 That bids us go in Peace !

Lord, we are helpless Creatures,  
 Full of the deepest Need,  
 Throughout defil'd by Nature,  
 Stupid and inly dead :  
 Our Strength is perfect Weakness,  
 And all we have is Sin ;  
 Our Hearts are all Uncleanness,  
 A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,  
 Who shall afford us Aid !  
 Where shall we find Compassion,  
 But in the Church's Head ?  
 Jesus, thou art all Pity,  
 Oh take us to thine Arms ;  
 And exercise thy Mercy  
 To save us from all Harms !

We'll never cease repeating  
 Our numberless Complaints,  
 But ever be intreating  
 The glorious King of Saints ;  
 Till we attain the Image  
 Of him we inly love,  
 And pay our grateful Homage  
 With all the Saints above.

Then we, with all in Glory,  
 Shall thankfully relate  
 Th' amazing pleasing Story  
 Of Jesu's Love so great !  
 In this blest Contemplation  
 We shall for ever dwell ;  
 And prove such Consolation  
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXIX Leaning on the Beloved.

**M**Y most indulgent Saviour,  
 I long thy Love to find,  
 To triumph in thy Favour,  
 And know thy Spirit's Mind :  
 This Grace to me be giv'n,  
 I nothing more request ;  
 I ask no other Heav'n,  
 Than leaning on thy Breast.

The Place of John I covet  
 More than a Seraph's Throne ;  
 To rest in my Beloved,  
 And breathe my final Groan.  
 On thee alone relying  
 To lose my Sin and Pain,  
 And, on thy Bosom dying  
 My Life eternal gain.

Then I, with all in Glory,  
 Shall thankfully relate  
 Th' amazing pleasing Story  
 Of Jesu's Love so great :

In this blest Contemplation,  
 May I for ever dwell,  
 And share such Consolation  
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXX. Gratitude.

**W**HAT shall we render unto thee,  
 Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r?  
 Teach us to bow the humble Knee,  
 Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore,  
 To praise thee as thy Saints above.  
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous Love.

When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide,  
 And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;  
 When borne along th' impetuous Tide  
 Of this World's Sin and Vanity:  
 Then Jesus from the Heav'ns came down,  
 To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree,  
 To seek and save the Lost he came,  
 There was he bound to set us free  
 From Death, and everlasting Shame;  
 The captive Flock from Hell was freed,  
 And ransom'd, when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,  
 Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,  
 And, interceding for his own,  
 The purchas'd Remnant now demands;  
 His People's everlasting Friend,  
 Who loving—loves them to the End!

May we his banish'd Ones rejoice,  
 Him for our Lord and God to own,  
 To take him as our only Choice,  
 And cleave to him in Love alone ;  
 Still growing up in Holiness,  
 'Till call'd to meet in Realms of Bliss.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,  
 And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away ;  
 No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,  
 No Night o'ercloud the endless Day ;  
 O praise him ! all beneath, above !  
 O praise him ! praise the God of Love !

H Y M N LXXI. Before Sermon.

**N**OW begin the heav'nly Theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,  
 Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove ;  
 Triumph in Redeeming Love.

Ye who see the Father's Grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour's Face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,  
 Banish all your guilty Fears ;  
 See your Guilt and Curse remove,  
 Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been  
 Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,  
 Now from Bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

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Welcome, all by Sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to his sacred Rest ;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,  
Those tremendous Foes of ours,  
From their cursed Empire drove,  
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your Music bring,  
Strike aloud each chearful String ;  
Mortals, join the Hosts above,  
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N LXXII. Panting after Jesus.

**T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,  
The Joy of the Upright in Heart,  
For closer Communion they pine,  
Still, still to reside where thou art ;  
The Pasture, O ! when shall we find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,  
Are skreen'd from the Heat of the Day ?

Ah, shew us that happiest Place,  
That Place of thy People's Abode,  
Where Saints in an Ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucify'd God :  
Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,  
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree ;  
Our Spirits to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.



'Tis there, with the Lambs of thy Flock,  
 There only we'd covet to rest,  
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;  
 'Tis there we would always abide,  
 And never a Moment depart,  
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,  
 Eternally held in thy Heart,

## H Y M N LXXIII.

Giving up the Heart to the Lord.

**T**AKE my poor Heart, just as it is,  
 Set up therein thy Throne;  
 So shall I love thee above all,  
 And live to thee alone.

Compleat thy Work, and crown thy Graces  
 That I may faithful prove,  
 And listen to that small still Voice  
 Which only whispers Love:

Which teaches me what is thy Will,  
 And tells me what to do;  
 Which covers me with Shame, when I  
 Do not thy Will pursue.

This Unction may I ever feel,  
 This Teaching from my Lord,  
 And learn Obedience to thy Voice,  
 Thy Soul-reviving Word!

## HYMN LXXIV.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

**G**RACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they Sinners are!  
Sunk and distressed, they taste and know  
Their Heav'n is only there!

Thus *Grace*, free *Grace*, most sweetly calls,  
" Directly come, who will ;  
" Just as you are, for Christ receives  
" Poor helpless Sinners still !"

We thirst, O Lord ! give us each Day  
To taste more of this *Grace* ;  
More of that Stream which from the Rock  
Flow'd through the Wilderness.

Where'er eternal Life is giv'n,  
This Thirst the same will be !  
The Heart will after Jesus pant  
To all Eternity.

'Tis *Grace* alone that feeds our Souls,  
*Grace* keeps us inly poor ;  
And, Oh that nothing else but *Grace*  
May rule for evermore !

## HYMN LXXV.

Infinitely condescending Love.

**L**OVE brought down God's dear only Son  
Into a Virgin's Womb ;  
Love nail'd him to th' accursed Tree,  
And laid him in a Tomb.

Through ev'ry Action, Suffring too,  
 The Law of Kindness reign'd,  
 Love ope'd those ghastly Wounds thro' which  
 His precious Life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's Throne,  
 There to prepare us Room;  
 And Love will bring him down again,  
 To fetch us to his Home.

## H Y M N LXXVI.

**S**ON of God ! thy Blessing grant,  
 Still supply our ev'ry Want ;  
 Tree of Life, thine Influence shed,  
 With thy Sap our Spirits feed !

Tend'rest Branch, alas ! am I,  
 Wither without thee, and die ;  
 Weak as helpless Infancy——  
 O confirm our Souls in thee !

Unsustain'd by thee, we fall !  
 Send the Strength for which we call !  
 Weaker than a bruised Reed,  
 Help we ev'ry Moment need.

All our Hopes on thee depend,  
 Love us ! save us to the End !  
 Give us the continuing Grace——  
 Take the everlasting Praise !

## HYMN LXXVII.

CHRIST the Believer's Refuge.

**I**N ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,  
My Soul to Jesus flies ;  
My Anchor hold is firm in him,  
When swelling Billows rise.

His Comforts bear my Spirits up,  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure Foundation of my Hope  
Is in a Saviour's Blood.

Loud Hallelujah's sing, my Soul,  
To thy Redeemer's Name ;  
In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,  
His Love is still the same.

## HYMN LXXVIII. Heaven on Earth.

**C**OME, let us ascend,  
My Companion and Friend,  
To taste of the Banquet above ;  
If thine Heart be as mine,  
If for Jesus it pine,

Come up into the Chariot of Love.

Who in Jesus confide,  
They are bold to outride  
The storms of Affliction beneath :  
With the Prophet they soar  
To that heav'nly Shore,  
And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By Faith we are come  
To our permanent Home,

By Hope we the Rapture improve ;  
 By Love we still rise,  
 And look down on the Skies,  
 For the Heaven of Heavens is Love !

Who on Earth can conceive  
 How happy we live,  
 In the City of God the great King !  
 What a Concert of Praise,  
 When our Jesus's Grace  
 The whole heavenly Company sing !

What a rapturous Song,  
 When the glorify'd Throng  
 In the Spirit of Harmony join !  
 Join all the glad Choirs,  
 Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,  
 And the Burden is Mercy divine !

Hallelujah, they cry,  
 To the King of the Sky,  
 To the great everlasting I AM !  
 To the Lamb that was slain,  
 And liveth again,  
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

H Y M N LXXIX. Before Sacrament.

**F** Aithful Bridegroom, holy Lamb !  
 By thy Church beloved,  
 Manifest thy sweetest Name,  
 To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of thine

With a solemn Blessing ;

Let our Feast be all divine,

Each thyself possessing !

Let thy Flesh afford us Food,

Ev'ry Grace to strengthen :

Let our Drink be Jesu's Blood,

Nature's Pow'r to weaken.

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice,

Once for Sinners given,

To appear before our Eyes,

Earnest of our Heaven !

We partake the Bread and Wine,

Seals of our Profession ;

Of the inward Grace the Sign,

Symbols of thy Passion.

We commemorate thy Death,

While we are receiving ;

Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,

With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

May we thus our Time employ,

While below we tarry ;

'Till our Souls t' unfading Joy

Angels come to carry.

H Y M N LXXX. After Sacrament.

**L** ORD, accept our feeble Praise

For the Banquet giv'n ;



Tho' unworthy, we would raise  
Hearts and Hands to Heav'n.

Of the Streams of Grace divine  
We have now been tasting :  
On the Bread, and mystic Wine,  
With rich Comfort feasting.

Meat indeed thy Flesh we find,  
Drink thy Blood so precious ;  
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,  
Merciful and gracious !

On our guilty Souls thy Rod  
Falls with gentle Chidings ;  
And thou healest with thy Blood  
All our great Backslidings.

May we to thy bleeding Cross  
Soul and Body fasten ;  
All for Jesus count but Loss,  
To his Coming hasten !

Take our Hearts so often blest,  
Yet so oft rebelling ;  
Let them on thy Bosom rest,  
In thy Wounds still dwelling !

Now, O Lord, that we have fed  
On thy Body broken,  
Bruise within the Serpent's Head,  
Of thy Love the Token.

None from Trials are below

Totally exempted ;

All-sufficient Grace bestow,

Succour, Lord, the Tempted !

Guard us from the Tempter's Wiles,

From the Sin of Judas ;

From the World's deceitful Smiles,

'Till to Heav'n thou lead us.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every Mercy.

**G**LORY to our gracious Donor,

For his Mercies ever new !

His alone be all the Honour,

Nothing we confess our Due :

O the ceaseless Mercies flowing

From thy Grace's boundless Store !—

May our thankful Hearts be glowing

With thy Love, still more and more !

Thy kind Hand hath oft' afforded

To our Wants a rich Supply ;

We are ev'ry Day supported

By thy providential Eye.

May we, Lord, as some Requital,

Thankful Hearts to Jesus raise ;

In his wond'rous Love's Recital,

Consecrate to him our Days !

Thou an Hunger hast created

In our Hearts for living Bread ;

May it never be abated,  
 'Till our precious Souls are fed !  
 Open, Lord, the Ark where, hidden,  
 Jesus our true Manna lies ;  
 Are not hungry Spirits bidden  
 To that Feast of Paradise ?

O thou Friend of Sinners, pity  
 Thirsty Travellers, who go  
 To an unseen distant City,  
 Thro' a parched Vale below !  
 O supply each fainting Spirit  
 With the Streams of purest Love !  
 'Till our Canaan we inherit,  
 In thy Fulness lost above !

H Y M N LXXXII. For Easter Day.

**H**E dies! the Friend of Sinners dies !  
 Lo, Salem's Daughters weep around  
 A solemn Darkness veils the Skies ;  
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground  
 Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your Load  
 He shed a thousand Drops for you ;  
 A thousand Drops of richest Blood !

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,  
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men !  
 But lo ! what sudden Joys we see !  
 Jesus the Dead revives again !

The rising God forsakes the Tomb!

The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!

Cherubic Legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears, ye Saints! and tell

How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!

Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,

And led the Monster Death in Chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!

"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?

"And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

### H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of Jesus.

**I**S there a Thing that moves and breaks

A Heart as hard as Stone,

Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice?

'Tis Jesu's Blood alone:

One Drop of this can truly cheer

And heal the wounded Soul;

What Multitudes of broken Hearts

This living Stream makes whole!

Hark! O my Soul! what sing the Choirs

Around the glorious Throne!

Hark! the *slain Lamb* for evermore

Sounds in the sweetest Tone:

The Elders there cast down their Crowns,

And all, both Night and Day,

Sing Praise to him who shed his Blood,  
And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,  
Chearful in our Degree,  
That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb  
Sinners may pardon'd be :  
But thou, O Lord ! make ev'ry Day  
Thy Grace to us more sweet ;  
'Till we behold thy wounded Side,  
And worship at thy Feet.

# HYMN LXXXIV. The Year of Jubilee.

**B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn Sound ;  
Let all the Nations know,  
To Earth's remotest Bounds,  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

The Gospel Trumpet hear,  
The News of heav'nly Grace ;  
Ye happy Souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's Face ;  
The Year of Jubilee is come,  
Return to your eternal Home !

Jesus our great High Priest  
Hath full Atonement made ;  
Ye weary Spirits, rest,  
Ye mourning Souls, be glad !

The Year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!

Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb,  
Redemption in his Blood

Throughout the World proclaim :  
The Year of Jubilee is come,  
Return to your eternal Home!

H Y M N LXXXV.

They shall look on me whom they have pierced,  
and mourn.---Zech. xii. 10.

**L**ADEN with Guilt, Sinners, arise,  
And view your bleeding Sacrifice ;  
Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,  
And bids the Poor and Needy come!

Beneath your Crimes the Victim stood,  
Sign'd your Acquittances in Blood ;  
Hereby stern Justice is appeas'd ;  
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd !

Mercy, Truth, Peace, and Righteousness,  
Beam from the Reconciler's Face ;  
Here look, 'till Love dissolve your Heart,  
And bid your slavish Fears depart.

Oh! quit the World's delusive Charms,  
And quickly fly to Jesu's Arms ;  
Wrestle until your God be known,  
'Till you can call the Lord your own.



## H Y M N LXXXVI. PSALM C.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,  
Ye Nations, bow with sacred Joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy!

His Sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,  
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;  
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his Fold again!

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;  
And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues,  
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command!  
Vast as Eternity thy Love!  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,  
When rolling Years shall cease to move!

## H Y M N LXXXVII. Isaiah lv. 1, &amp;c.

**H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh!  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen Race );  
Mercy and free Salvation buy,  
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace

Come to the living Waters, come,  
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call;  
Return, ye weary Wand'ers, home,  
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise;  
 For you in healing Streams it rolls ;  
 Money ye need not bring, nor Price,  
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-sick Souls !  
 Nothing ye in Exchange shall give,  
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
 Frankly the Gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

**T**HERE is a Land of pure Delight,  
 Where Saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,  
 And Pleasures banish Pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring Flow'rs :  
 Death, like a narrow Sea, divides  
 This heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields, beyond the swelling Flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living Green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow Sea ;  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,  
 Afraid to launch away.

Oh ! could we find our Doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy Doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckluded Eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the Landscape o'er ;  
 Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,  
 Should fright us from the Shore.

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

The supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven.

**W**HY was unbelieving I,  
 Trembling, so afraid to die !  
 Now my Feet in Safety stand,  
 Here within the promis'd Land.

Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous Grace is here !  
 Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear ;  
 Sin and Doubts are ever gone,  
 Sighing shall no more be known.

Henceforth neither Grief, nor Pain ;  
 Here successive Pleasures reign ;  
 All Things our Hosannahs raise,  
 O the Glories of this Place !

O ye perfect happy Ones,  
 Let me try to join your Tunes !  
 Come, let us exalt the Lamb,  
 Singing ever to his Name.

He our full Redemption wrought,  
He for us this Glory bought ;  
From the Earth, he calls us home,  
To our Father's House we're come.

Oft in Kedar's Tents I try'd,  
When my God his Face did hide,  
With my Friends to raise this Song,  
But it languish'd on my Tongue.

Jesus now unveils his Face ;  
Here I shout of sov'reign Grace,  
Fill'd with Love, incessant cry,  
To his Praise in Raptures high.

O my drooping Friends below,  
Did you half this Glory know,  
Daily would ye stretch the Wing,  
Here to fly, and thus to sing. Hallelujah.

H Y M N XC. CHRIST All in All.

I 'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,  
My Heart doth sing for Joy ;  
And sing I must, A Christ I have,  
Oh what a Christ have I !

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,  
He is the King of Kings ;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With Healing in his Wings.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
My Physic, and my Health ;

My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
My Glory, and my Wealth.

Christ is my Father, and my Friend,  
My Brother, and my Love;  
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,  
My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the Heav'n of Heav'ns,  
My Christ, what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is All in All.

All Glory to the God of Love,  
One God in Persons Three;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One equal Glory be!

H Y M N XCI. The Same.

**M**'Y God, my Life, my Love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art All in All.

Thy shining Grace can cheer  
This Dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

The Smilings of thy Face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis Heav'n to rest in thine Embrace,  
And no-where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,  
The Angels owe their Bliss ;  
They sit around thy gracious Throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the Harps above  
Can make a Heav'nly Place,  
If God his Residence remove,  
Or but conceal his Face ;

Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,  
Can one Delight afford ;  
No, not a Drop of real Joy,  
Without thy Presence, Lord.

Thou art the Sea of Love  
Where all my Pleasures roll ;  
The Circle where my Passions move,  
And Centre of my Soul.

To thee my Spirits fly  
With infinite Desire :  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

H Y M N XCII.

CHRIST precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming Name,  
'Tis Music to my Ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That Earth and Heav'n might hear.



Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,  
 My Transport, and my Trust;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,  
 And Gold is sordid Dust.

All my capacious Pow'r can wish  
 In thee most richly meet;  
 Nor to my Eyes is Life so dear,  
 Nor Friendship half so sweet.

O may thy Grace still chear my Heart,  
 And shed its Fragrance there!  
 The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,  
 The Cordial of its Care.

I'll speak the Honours of thy Name  
 With my last lab'ring Breath;  
 When speechless, clasp thee in my Arms,  
 My Joy in Life and Death!

## H Y M N XCIII.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

**J**ESU, thy Blood and Righteousness  
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,  
 'Midst flaming Worlds, in these array'd,  
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise,  
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies;  
 E'en then shall this be all my Plea,  
 "Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,  
 For who aught to my Charge shall lay ?  
 Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am  
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,  
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,  
 Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim ;  
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years ;  
 No Age can change its glorious Hue,  
 The Robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,  
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
 Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness !

H Y M N XCIV. A divine Rapture.

FROM thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,  
 And run eternal Rounds,  
 Beyond the Limits of the Skies,  
 And all created Bounds.

The holy Triumph of my Soul  
 Shall Death itself out brave,  
 Leave dull Mortality behind,  
 And fly beyond the Grave.

Here, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
 In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space,

I'll spend a long Eternity  
In Pleasure and in Praise.

Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes  
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove ;  
And endless Ages I'll adore  
The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry Smile of thine  
Shall fresh Endearments bring ;  
And thousand Tastes of new Delight  
From all thy Graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul  
Up to thy bless'd Abode :  
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see  
My Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N XCV. God our only Happiness

**M**Y God, my Portion, and my Love,  
My everlasting All !  
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly Ball.

What empty Things are all the Skies,  
And this inferior Clod !  
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,  
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun,  
Scatters his feeble Light :

For thy sweet Beams create my Noon ;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

And whilst upon my restless Bed  
Amidst the Shades I roll ;  
If my Redeemer shews his Head,  
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,  
Our Health, and safe Abode ;  
We praise thy Name for all these Things,  
But they are not our God.

How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,  
If once compar'd to Thee !  
And what's my Safety, or my Health,  
Or all my Friends to me ?

Were I Possessor of the Earth,  
And call'd the Stars my own ;  
Without my Jesus, and Thyself,  
I were a Wretch undone.

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,  
And grasp in all the Shore !  
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,  
And I desire no more.

H Y M N. XCVI. A Sinner's Prayer.

**G**OD of my Salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe :  
Simply would I now draw near,  
Thy Blessing to receive ;

Full of Guilt, alas, I am,  
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee;  
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine Eye;  
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,  
Thy Blood is always nigh:  
Now, as Yesterday the same,  
Thou art and wilt for ever be;  
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy Grace procure;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor:  
Dust and Ashes is my Name,  
My All is Sin and Misery;  
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,  
I come thy Love to buy;  
From myself I turn my Eyes,  
The chief of Sinners I.  
Take, O take me as I am,  
And let me lose myself in thee;  
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy Blood was shed for me.

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H Y M N XCVII. Sitting at Jesu's Feet

**S**WEET the Moments, rich in Blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend ;  
Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,

From the Sinner's dying Friend :  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood ;  
Precious Drops, my Soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station,  
Low before his Cross to lie ;  
While I see divine Compassion  
Floating in his languid Eye :  
Here it is I find my Heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,  
With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in Faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his Death,  
May I still enjoy this Feeling,  
In all Need to Jesus go !  
Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know !

H Y M N XCVIII. Communion with JESUS.

**C**OME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,  
Fan each Spark into a Flame ;



Blessings let us now inherit,  
 Blessings that we cannot name.  
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,  
 May our Hearts in Rapture move;  
 Feel new Grace in them still springing,  
 Breathe the Air of purest Love!

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,  
 Float on that unbounded Sea;  
 Guided into pure Devotion,  
 Kept from Paths of Error free:  
 On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,  
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe:  
 Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding!  
 All for thee we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in Communion,  
 Daily nearer drawn to thee;  
 Sinking in the sweetest Union  
 Of that Heart-felt Mystery:  
 Keep us safe from each Delusion,  
 Well protected from all Harms;  
 Free from Sin, and all Confusion,  
 Circle us within thine Arms.

H Y M N XCIX. Justification by Faith

**V**AIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men,  
 On their own Works have built;  
 Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,  
 And all their Actions Guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths,  
Without a murmur'ing Word ;  
And the whole Race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law  
To justify us now ;  
Since to convince, and to condemn,  
Is all the Law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy Grace,  
When in thy Name we trust !  
Our Faith receives a Righteousness  
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N C.

This is the Victory that overcometh the World,  
even our Faith.

**O** Tell me no more of this World's vain  
(Store ;  
The time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.

(bound ;  
A Country I've found, where true Joys a-  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy  
(Ground.

No Mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What Light, Strength, and Comfort : go  
(after him, go.

Lo! onward I move, and, but Christ above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my Journey will  
(prove.

In (and Sin :  
Great Spoils I shall win, from Death, Hell,  
'Midst outward Affliction, shall feel Christ  
(within.

Perhaps for his Name, poor Dust as I am,  
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving  
(Aim.

I still (which is best) shall in his dear Breast,  
As at the Beginning, find Pardon and Rest.

And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why :

But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

# H Y M N C I.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us.  
Cor. v. 14.

**H**APPY the Heart where Graces reign,  
Where Love inspires the Breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the Train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,  
And all in vain our Fear ;  
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,  
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our active Feet  
In swift Obedience move ;  
The Devils know, and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,  
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings  
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,  
Or leave this poor Abode,  
The Wings of Love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

# H Y M N CII.

Following CHRIST, the Sinner's Way to God.

JESUS, my All, to Heav'n is gone,  
He that I plac'd my Hopes upon :  
His Track I see — and I'll pursue  
The narrow Way, till him I view.

The Way the holy Prophets went,  
The Road that leads from Banishment ;  
The King's Highway of Holiness  
I'll go ; for all the Paths are Peace.

This is the Way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My Grief, my Burthen, long has been  
Because I could not cease from Sin.

The more I strove against its Pow'r,  
Sinn'd and stumbled but the more :  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
Come hither, Soul, for I'm the Way."

Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am :  
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but Love do I receive.

I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,  
And say, " Behold the Way to God."

H Y M N CIII.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

**C**OME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'r.  
He is able, he is able, he is able:  
He is willing : doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;  
God's free Bounty glorify,  
True Belief, and true Repentance,  
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh :  
Without Money, without Money, &c.  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not Conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of Fitness fondly dream !  
All the Fitness he requireth,  
Is, to feel your Need of Him :  
This he gives you, this he gives you, &c.  
'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, &c.  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the Garden;  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies,  
On the bloody Tree behold him:  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
It is finish'd, It is finish'd, &c.  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the Merit of his Blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other Trust intrude:  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, &c.  
Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels, join'd in Concert,  
Sing the Praises of the Lamb;  
While the blisful Seats of Heaven  
Sweetly echo with his Name.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same:

H Y M N CIV.

CHRIST's Call, and (through Grace) the Sinner's  
Acceptance.

**J**ESU, thou dost cry aloud,  
"Sinners, hasten to my Blood;



Though as black as Hell within,  
Yet my Blood shall wash you clean.

“ View me, in the Manger lying,  
View me panting, bleeding, dying ;  
In my pierced Side here's Room,  
Ev'ry Drop of Blood cries, Come.”

Lord, I hear thy gracious Call,  
Prostrate at thy Feet I fall ;  
All poor Sinners thou call'st home,  
I'm a Sinner, lo I come.

Satan, Lord, hath me distress'd,  
I am naked, void of Rest ;  
All my Nature's full of Sin,  
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

“ Yes, my Child, I know it all,  
But thy Guilt on me did fall ;  
By the shedding of my Blood,  
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked, in Distress ?  
Here's the Robe of Righteousness ;  
Here's my Blood to cleanse thy Heart,  
Cloath thee, wash thee, mine thou art.”

Satan, hearest thou thy Doom ;  
Jesus my Deliv'rer's come ;  
Passion, Unbelief, and Pride,  
Hence be gone, for Christ has dy'd.

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Hail ! my Jesus, Lord and God,  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood ;  
Thou didst give thyself for me,  
Lo, I give myself to thee.

H Y M N CV. Doubts scattered.

**H**ENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts, be  
And leave me to my Joys ; (gone,  
My Tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful Noise.

Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,  
And drown'd my Head in Tears,  
Till sov'reign Grace, with shining Rays,  
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

O ! what immortal Joys I felt,  
And Raptures all divine,  
When Jesus told me, I was his,  
And my Beloved mine !

In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,  
And breaks my Peace in vain ;  
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face  
Revives my Joys again.

H Y M N CVI. They crucified him.

**O** Love divine, what hast thou done !  
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me ;  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my Sins upon the Tree ;

Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!  
Come, see, ye Worms, your Maker die,  
And say, Was ever Grief like his!  
Come, feel with me his Blood apply'd,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,  
To bring us Rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the Record true,  
That we are bought with Jesu's Blood;  
Pardon and Life flow from his Side,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,  
And gladly catch the healing Stream!  
All Things for him account but Loss,  
And give up all our Hearts to him;  
Of nothing speak or think beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

#### H Y M N CVII. Calvary.

**L**AMB of God, whose bleeding Love  
We now recall to Mind,  
Send the Answer from above,  
And let us Mercy find;  
Think on us, who think on thee,  
And ev'ry struggling Soul release,

O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,  
And bloody Sweat, we pray ;  
By thy dying Love to Man,  
Take all our Sins away :  
Burst our Bonds, and set us free,  
From all Iniquity release,  
O remember, &c.

Let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,  
The Sinner's Pardon seal ;  
Speak us freely justify'd,  
And all our Sickness heal.  
By thy Passion on the Tree,  
Let all our Grievs and Troubles cease ;  
O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,  
'Till thou our Wants relieve ;  
Write Forgiveness on each Heart,  
And all thine Image give.  
Still our Souls shall cry to thee,  
'Till all renew'd in Holiness ;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in Peace.

H Y M N CVIII. The Stony Heart.

O H ! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,  
To take this stubborn Stone away,  
And thaw with Beams of Love divine  
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine !

The Rocks can rend ; the Earth can quake ;  
 The Seas can roar ; the Mountains shake ;  
 Of Feeling all Things shew some Sign,  
 But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,  
 Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt :  
 But I can read each moving Line,  
 And nothing move this Heart of mine.

Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
 (Amazing Thought !) which Devils fear ;  
 Goodness and Wrath in vain combine  
 To stir this stupid Heart of mine.

But something yet can do the Deed,  
 And that dear Something much I need ;  
 Thy Spirit can from Dross refine,  
 And move and melt this Heart of mine.

#### H Y M N CIX. The Same.

**W**HEN shall my frozen Heart revive ?  
 When shall my Soul begin to live ?  
 Fetter'd with Sin, oppress'd with Death,  
 I pant, yet hopeless pant for Breath.  
 Yet against Hope, I fain wou'd hope,  
 O that the Lord would raise me up ;  
 Wou'd all my Unbelief destroy,  
 And let me taste his People's Joy !

Come, Breath of Life, inspire my Soul,  
 On me let Streams of Mercy roll ;

I know, a tender Glance from thee  
Can set my burden'd Spirit free.

Peter's Experience tells me so,  
Tells me what Jesu's Look can do ;  
The harden'd Heart at once it turns,  
The icy Soul it melts and burns.

Lord, kindly reach this Heart of mine ;  
I'd pant to be intirely thine,  
To have thy Spirit rule in me,  
And bring me into Liberty.

H Y M N CX. CHRIST is All in All.

**T**O all my *Vileness*, Christ is *Glory* bright,  
To all my *Mis'ries*, infinite *Delight*—  
To all my *Ign'rance*, *Wise* without Compare,  
To my *Deformity*, th' eternal *Fair*—  
*Sight* to my *Blindness* —to my *Meanness*, *Wealth*,  
*Life* to my *Death*—and to my *Sickness*, *Health*,  
To *Darkness*, *Light*—my *Liberty* in *Thrall*—  
What shall I say ? —my Christ is *All in All* !

H Y M N CXI.

At the Coming of a Minister.

**W**elcome, welcome, blessed Servant,  
Messenger of Jesu's Grace !  
O how beautiful the Feet of  
Him that brings good News of Peace !  
Welcome Herald, welcome Herald, &c.  
Priest of God, thy People's Joy.



Saviour, bless his Message to us,  
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sounds  
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd  
 By thy Death and precious Wounds,  
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.  
 To our poor and helpless Souls.

Give Reward of Grace and Glory  
 To thy faithful Lab'rer dear,  
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be  
 Offer'd up in Faith and Pray'r,  
 Bless, O bless him; bless, O bless him, &c.  
 Now, henceforth, for evermore;

H Y M N CXII.

Not ashamed of the Gospel:

**I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his Cause,  
 Maintain the Honour of his Word,  
 The Glory of his Cross.

Jesus, my God; I know his Name,  
 His Name is all my Trust;  
 Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,  
 Nor let my Hope be lost.

Firm as his Throne, his Promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his Hands,  
 'Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name,  
 Before his Father's Face.

And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXIII. CHRIST's dying Love.

**H**OW condescending, and how kind,  
Was God's eternal Son ;  
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,  
And Pity brought him down.

(When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,  
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,  
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,  
Without a murm'ring Word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,  
To raise us to his Throne ;  
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,  
But cost his Heart a Groan.)

This was Compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,  
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,  
His Love is still as great ;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let our Souls forget.

H Y M N CXIV.

For a Minister confin'd from attending the  
Ordinances on the LORD'S DAY.

**I**N silent Sadness I'm condemn'd  
To spend this sacred Day,

Not suffer'd to approach thy Courts,  
To sing, and preach, and pray.

My willing Feet with Joy have trod  
Thy Palaces of Grace  
(The Dwellings of my King, my God),  
Where Saints behold thy Face.

To Zion's op'ning Gates this Day  
Th' assembling Armies move;  
The Gospel-Trumpet sweetly sounds,  
With Pardon, Peace and Love.

The blessed Saints, with Hearts and Tongues,  
Unite to sing thy Praise,  
With Ears and Hearts in Rapture held  
By Messages of Grace.

May they thy Glories, Lord, behold,  
And feed on heav'nly Food;  
May living Waters fill their Souls,  
By Grace and Strength renew'd!

Whilst I'm a Pris'ner in thy Chains,  
In Darkness, Grief, and Pain,  
May I one Beam of Love divine,  
One Crum of Grace obtain.

May Mercy's Hand direct thy Rod,  
Thy Pow'r my Soul uphold;  
The Dross and Tin purge all away,  
And brighten all the Gold.

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May ev'ry Sin be now destroy'd,  
And ev'ry Grace made strong ;  
Give Health, and Ease, and Strength again,  
And Grace shall be my Song.

H Y M N CXV. For a Public Fast.

**L**ORD, look on all assembled here,  
Who in thy Presence stand,  
To offer up united Pray'r  
For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd  
Our Country might find Grace,  
Now hear the same Petitions made  
In this appointed Place.

Or, if amongst us some be met  
So careless of their Sin,  
Who have not cry'd for Mercy yet ;  
Lord, let them now begin.

Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners live,  
By whom their Pray'rs succeed ;  
Thy Spir't of Supplication give,  
And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack, nor give thee rest,  
But importune thee so,  
That, 'till we shall be by thee blest,  
We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring ;  
Guide those that hold the Helm ;  
Support the State ; preserve the King ;  
And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,  
 And we must feel thy Rod;  
 May Faith and Patience hold us fast  
 To our correcting God!

Whatever be our destin'd Case,  
 Accept us in thy Son;  
 Give us his Gospel, and his Grace,  
 And then thy Will be done.

## H Y M N CXVI.

Ascribing to GOD the Praise of our Salvation,

**H**OW empty was our former Boast,  
 Our Foolishness of Pride,  
 When in ourselves we put our Trust,  
 And on our Works rely'd!

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,  
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,  
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,  
 And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,  
 Our best Endeavours stood  
 T' atone for our Transgression here,  
 In Place of Jesu's Blood.

Alas for us! we knew not then  
 His Blood and Righteousness,  
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men  
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love  
Hath taught us better Things;  
Our All is giv'n us from above,  
From thee Salvation springs.

Freely thy Love delights to save,  
And ransoms without Price;  
But only that which Jesus gave,  
Our bleeding Sacrifice.

We own the sole procuring Cause,  
That precious Blood divine;  
And since our Jesus dy'd for us,  
May we live ever thine!

H Y M N CXVII. CHRIST a sure Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim, thro' this barren Land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand:  
Bread of Heav'n, Bread of Heav'n,  
Feed me, 'till I want no more.

Open now the crystal Fountain,  
Whence the healing Streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar,  
Lead me all my Journey through:  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious Fears subside:



Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's Side :  
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CXVIII.

A warm Coal for a cold Heart.

**M**USING on my Habitation,  
Musing on my heav'nly Home,  
Fills my Soul with holy Longing,  
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;  
Vanity is all I see,  
Lord! I long to be with thee.

H Y M N CXIX.

A whole Heart for CHRIST.

**L**ORD, make me faithful to my Call,  
In Heart still truly give up All,  
Myself to thee resign :  
When Dangers threaten me around,  
Invincible may I be found,  
Never thy Will decline.

My Feet with holy Oil anoint,  
The destin'd Path, thou dost appoint,  
Gladly I then will tread ;  
Bedew me with a genial Show'r,  
Into my Heart thy Influence pour,  
With living Manna fed.

A single Eye, a faithful Heart,  
My Jesus, to thy Child impart,

In ev'ry trying Hour :  
 Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,  
 Still keep my Eye on thee intent,  
 'Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CXX. A Sinner's last Shift.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a Traitor?  
 Canst thou love a Child of Wrath?  
 Can a Hell-deserving Creature  
 Be the Purchase of thy Death?  
 Is thy Blood so efficacious,  
 As to make my Nature clean?  
 Is thy Sacrifice so precious,  
 As to free me from my Sin?

On ev'ry Hand furrounds me,  
 No Acquittance can I hear;  
 Gangs of Unbelief confound me,  
 Help me, Lord, my Grief to bear;  
 Here then is my Resolution,  
 At thy dearest Feet to fall;  
 Here I'll meet with Condemnation,  
 Or a Freedom from my Thrall.

How deny thy Grace and Mercy,  
 If thou canst, to wretched me;  
 Lay aside thy Love and Pity,  
 If thou canst, and let me die:  
 I meet with Condemnation,  
 Justly I deserve the same;

If I meet with free Salvation,  
I will magnify thy Name.

H Y M N CXXI.

I am the GOD of Abraham.

**T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above;  
Ancient of everlasting Days,  
And God of Love;  
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!  
By Earth and Heav'n confest;  
I bow, and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,  
At whose supreme Command  
From Earth I'd rise—and seek the Joys  
At thy right Hand:  
I'd all on Earth forsake,  
Its Wisdom, Fame, and Power;  
And Him my only Portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,  
Whose all-sufficient Grace  
Shall guide me all my happy Days  
In all his Ways;  
He calls a Worm his Friend!  
He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the End,  
Thro' Jesu's Blood.

He by himself hath sworn,  
 I on his Oath depend,  
 I shall on Eagles' Wings up-borne  
 To Heav'n ascend.  
 I shall behold his Face,  
 I shall his Pow'r adore,  
 And sing the Wonders of his Grace  
 For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

**T**HOU' Nature's Strength decay,  
 And Earth and Hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way,  
 At his Command :  
 The wat'ry Deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my View ;  
 And thro' the howling Wilderness  
 My Way pursue.

The goodly Land I see,  
 With Peace and Plenty blest'd ;  
 A Land of sacred Liberty,  
 And endless Rest :  
 There Milk and Honey flow,  
 And Oil and Wine abound ;  
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,  
 With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,  
 The Lord our Righteousness,

(Triumphant o'er the World and Sin)

The Prince of Peace:

On Sion's sacred Height

His Kingdom still maintains;

And glorious with the Saints in Light

For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,

He guards them by his Side,

Arrays in Garments white and pure

His spotless Bride:

With Streams of sacred Bliss,

With Groves of living Joys——

With all the Fruits of Paradise,

He still supplies.

### PART THE THIRD.

**B**EFORE the Great Three-One

They all exulting stand;

And tell the Wonders he hath done,

Thro' all their Land:

The list'ning Spheres attend,

And swell the growing Fame;

And sing, in Songs which never end,

The Wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on high,

The great Arch angels sing,

And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,

"ALMIGHTY KING!"

“ WHO WAS, AND IS, THE SAME,  
 “ AND EVERMORE SHALL BE ;  
 “ JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM !  
 “ WE WORSHIP THEE.”

Before the Saviour's Face  
 The ransom'd Nations bow ;  
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty Grace,  
 For ever new :  
 He shews his Prints of Love—  
 They kindle—to a Flame !  
 And sound, thro' all the Worlds above,  
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant Host  
 Give Thanks to God on high ;  
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 They ever cry ;  
 Hail, *Abraham's* God—and *mine* !  
 (I join the heav'nly Lays),  
 All Might and Majesty are thine,  
 And endless Praise.

H Y M N CXXII.

I will sing of the Mercy of the LORD for ever.

**T**HY Mercy, my God,  
 Is the Theme of my Song,  
 The Joy of my Heart,  
 And the boast of my Tongue ;  
 Thy Free Grace alone,  
 From the first to the last,



Has won my Affections,  
And bound my Soul fast.

Without thy sweet Mercy,  
I could not live here ;

Sin soon would reduce me

To utter Despair :

But thro' thy free Goodness,

My Spirits revive ;

And he that first made me,

Still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake,

Thy kind Mercy begins

To melt me, and then

I can mourn for my Sins ;

And, led by thy Spirit

To Jesus's Blood,

My Sorrows are dry'd,

And my Strength is renew'd.

Thy Mercy is more

Than a Match for my Heart,

Which wonders to feel

Its own Hardness depart :

Dissolv'd by thy Presence,

I fall to the Ground,

And weep to the Praise of

The Mercy I found.

The Doors of thy Mercy

Stand open all Day,

To the Poor and the Needy

Who knock by the Way :

Thy Mercy is endless,  
Most tender, and free ;  
No Sinner need doubt,  
Since 'tis given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful  
Word is my all ;  
Thy Promise supports me  
When ready to fall :  
When Enemies croud,  
To cause Doubt and Despair,  
I conquer them all  
By thy Spirit of Pray'r.

'Thy Mercy in Jesus  
Exempts me from Hell ;  
Of thy Mercy I'll sing,  
Of thy Mercy I'll tell :  
'Twas Jesus *my* Friend,  
When he hung on the Tree,  
That open'd the Chancel  
Of Mercy for *me*.

Great Father of Mercies,  
Thy Goodness I own,  
And the Covenant-Love  
Of thy crucify'd Son :  
All Praise to the Spirit,  
Whose Whispers divine  
Seal Mercy, and Pardon,  
And Righteousness, *mine*.

## H Y M N CXXIII.

The Loss of CHRIST lamented, from the past  
Experience of his Love.

**M**Y Time, oh ye Daughters  
Of Sion, did run  
Most sweetly and softly,  
When Christ was my Sun;  
Thro' Darknes I fearless  
Could walk by his Light,  
His Rays were my Comfort,  
His Shield was my Might.

When Jesus was with me,  
By Day or by Night,  
Tho' Darknes was round me,  
My Soul was still light;  
My Joys and my Comforts  
Enraptur'd my Mind,  
While under his Shadow  
I sweetly reclin'd.

What Time in Communion  
With Jesus I spent,  
'Twas Heav'n all over  
Where-ever I went;  
And oft when his Kindness  
I've felt on my Heart,  
In Raptures I pray'd  
He would never depart.

His Mercy and Love  
Were the Theme of my Song,

To praise and adore him,  
 The Joy of my Tongue:  
 To talk of his Goodness,  
 My daily Delight;  
 To think of his Kindness,  
 My Pleasure by Night,

But when He is absent,  
 My Comforts are gone,  
 My Heart is dejected,  
 And hard as a Stone;  
 Nor Nature or Creature  
 Delight can impart,  
 'Till Jesus return,  
 The sole Joy of my Heart.

That e'er I should grieve thee,  
 My Lord and my Lamb,  
 Sore vexes my Soul,  
 And o'erwhelms me with Shame;  
 The Sweets of thy Favor,  
 And Love felt before,  
 Restore, my dear Jesus,  
 And leave me no more.

H Y M N CXXIV. Before Sermon.

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,  
 Deign upon thy Truth to shine;  
 Lord, behold thy Servant stands,  
 O! to thee he lifts his Hands;  
 Satisfy his Soul's Desire,  
 Touch his Lips with holy Fire,

Cpe thy Treasure! so shall fall  
 Unction sweet on him, on All;  
 'Till, by Odours scatter'd round,  
 Christ himself be trac'd and found,  
 Then shall ev'ry raptur'd Heart,  
 Rich in Peace and Joy, depart.

H Y M N CXXV. The Same.

**D**EAREST Saviour, help thy Servant  
 To proclaim thy wond'rous Love!  
 O that ev'ry Soul here present  
 May thy Grace and Truth approve!  
 Bless, O Bless us; Bless, O Bless us;  
 Bless, O Bless us;

From thy shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites us  
 To partake thy Gospel-Feast;

Let thy Spirit now unite us,  
 Each to thee a willing Guest;

O receive us, &c  
 To thy glorious promis'd Rest.

H Y M N CXXVI.

**F**IRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my Hope, my Trust;  
 If I am found in Jesu's Hands,  
 My Soul can ne'er be lost.

His Honour is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his Sheep;

All that his heav'nly Father gave  
His Hands securely keep.

Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove  
His Fav'rites from his Breast ;  
In the dear Bosom of his Love  
They *must* for ever rest.

H Y M N CXXVII.

**N**OTHING but thy Blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our Smart ;  
Nothing else from Guilt release us,  
Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone ;  
But a sense of Blood-bought Pardon  
Soon dissolves a Heart of Stone.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,  
How to mourn, and not despair ;  
Let us, leaning on thy Merit,  
Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.

Whatsoever Afflictions seize us,  
They shall profit, if not please :  
But defend, defend us, Jesus,  
From Security and Ease !

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Electing Grace : or Saints beloved in CHRIST.

JESUS, we blest thy Father's Name ;  
Thy God and ours are both the same :



What heav'nly Blessings from his Throne  
Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son!

Christ be my first Elect, he said,  
Then chose our Souls in Christ our Head,  
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,  
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin  
To raise us up from Death and Sin;  
Our Characters were then decreed,  
Blameless in Love, a holy Seed.

Predestinated to be Sons,  
Born by degrees, but chos'n at once;  
A new regenerated Race,  
To praise the Glory of his Grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our Part  
In the Affections of his Heart;  
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd,  
'Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

### H Y M N CXXIX.

The Pharisee and Publican.

**B**EHOLD how Sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his Righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.

This Man at humble Distance stands,  
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;  
That boldly rises near the Throne,  
And talks of Duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent Language knows,  
And diff'rent Answers he bestows;  
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;  
I have no Merit of my own,  
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N CXXX. Thy kingdom come.

**O**H when shall we, supremely blest,  
Enter into our glorious Rest!  
Partake the Triumphs of the Sky,  
And Holy, holy, holy cry!

With all thy heav'nly Hosts, with all  
Thy blessed Saints, we then shall fall,  
And sing in Ecstasy unknown,  
And praise thee on thy dazling Throne;

H Y M N CXXXI. Time and Eternity.

**T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal Frame,  
What dying Worms we be.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense  
To walk this dangerous Road;  
And when our Souls are taken hence,  
May they be found with God!

Affure me that my worthless Name  
Is graven on thy Hands :  
Shew me some Promise in thy Book,  
Where my Salvation stands.

## HYMN CXXXII.

The Same.

**S**ince all the downward Tracts of Time  
God's watchful Eye surveys,  
O ! who so wise to choose our Lot,  
And regulate our Ways ?

Affure us of thy wond'rous Love  
Unmeasurably kind :  
To his unerring, gracious Will  
Be ev'ry With resign'd.

Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less, when he denies ;  
Ev'n Crosses, from his sov'reign Hand,  
Are Blessings in Disguise.

In thy fair Book of Life divine,  
My God, inscribe my Name ;  
There let it fill some humble Place,  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,  
In endless Fame survive ;  
Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time,  
Greatly triumphant, live.

## HYMN CXXXIII.

He has done all Things well. Mark vii. 37.

**N**OW in a Song of grateful Praise  
To my dear Lord my Voice I'll raise ;  
With all his Saints I'll join to tell,  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

All Worlds his glorious Pow'r confess,  
His Wisdom all his Works express ;  
But, O his Love ! what Tongue can tell !  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,  
Has been this Love to sinful Me !  
This pluck'd me from the Jaws of Hell ;  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Spurn'd his Grace, I broke his Laws,  
And yet he undertook my Cause,  
To save me, tho' I did rebel ;  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

And since my Soul has known his Love,  
What Mercies has he made me prove !  
Mercies which do all Praise excell ;  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
As on me laid his gentle Rod ;  
Know, in all that me befell,  
My Jesus has done all Things well.

me, Tho' many a fiery flaming Dart  
The Tempter levels at my Heart ;

With this I all his Rage repell,  
 My Jesus has done all Things well,  
 Sometimes my Lord his Face doth hide  
 To make me pray, or kill my Pride;  
 Yet then it on my Mind does dwell,  
 My Jesus has done all Things well.  
 Soon shall I pass the Vale of Death,  
 And in his Arms shall lose my Breath;  
 Yet then my happy Soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all Things well.  
 And when to that bright World I rise,  
 And join the Anthems in the Skies,  
 Above the rest *this Note* shall swell,  
 My Jesus has done all Things well!

## H Y M N CXXXIV.

Look again. Jonah ii. 4.

**S**EE a poor Sinner, dearest Lord,  
 Whose Soul, encourag'd by thy Word  
 At Mercy's Footstool would remain,  
 And there would look, and look again.  
 How oft, deceiv'd by Self and Pride,  
 Has my poor Heart been turn'd aside,  
 And Jonah like has fled from thee,  
 Till thou hast look'd again on me!  
 Ah bring a wretched Wand'rer home,  
 And to thy Footstool let me come,  
 And tell thee all my Grief and Pain,  
 And wait and look, and look again.

Take Courage, then, my trembling Soul,  
One Look from Christ will make thee whole ;  
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,  
But wait and look, and look again.

Do Satan's Darts thy Soul molest ?  
Does dark Desertion fill thy Breast ?  
Art thou almost with Sorrows slain ?  
Yet wait and look, and look again.

Do Fears and Doubts thy Soul annoy,  
And thund'ring Tempests drown thy Joy ?  
And canst thou not one Smile obtain ?  
Yet wait and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his Word, his Throne ;  
Look to his Grace, 'tis not your own :  
There wait and look, and look again ;  
You shall not wait, nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy Day will come,  
When I shall reach my blissful Home ;  
And when to Glory I attain,  
O then I'll look, and look again.

H Y M N CXXXV.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.

**I** Know that my Redeemer lives,  
What Comfort this sweet Sentence gives !  
He lives ! he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever-living Head.  
He lives triumphant from the Grave,  
He lives eternally to save,



He lives all glorious in the Sky,  
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with his Love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry Soul to feed,  
He lives to help in Time of Need.

He lives to grant me rich Supply,  
He lives to guide me with his Eye,  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my Soul's Complaint.

He lives to crush the Pow'rs of Hell,  
He lives that he may in me dwell,  
He lives to heal, and make me whole,  
He lives to guard my feeble Soul.

He lives to silence all my Fears,  
He lives to stop and wipe my Tears,  
He lives to calm my troubled Heart,  
He lives all Blessings to impart.

He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend,  
He lives, and loves me to the End ;  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives, and grants me daily Breath,  
He lives, and I shall conquer Death,  
He lives my Mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all Glory to his Name !  
He lives my Jesus still the same ;

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O the sweet Joy this Sentence gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives !

H Y M N CXXXVI. Him. Acts v. 31.

**J** OIN all who love the Saviour's Name,  
And sing his everlasting Fame :  
Great God, prepare each Heart and Voice  
In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wond'rous Things are told,  
In Him what Glories I behold !  
For Him I gladly all Things leave ;  
To Him, my Soul, for ever cleave.

In Him my Treasure's all contain'd,  
By Him my feeble Soul's sustain'd ;  
From Him I all Things now receive,  
Thro' Him my Soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,  
Of Him my Soul delights to talk ;  
On Him I cast my ev'ry Care,  
Like Him one Day I shall appear.

Bless Him, my Soul, from Day to Day,  
Trust Him to bring thee on thy Way,  
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful Heart,  
With Him, O never, never part.

Take Him for Strength and Righteousness,  
Make Him thy Refuge in Distress,  
Love Him above all earthly Joy,  
And Him in every Thing employ.

Praise Him in chearful, grateful Songs,  
 To Him your highest Praise belongs ;  
 Bless Him who does your Heav'n prepare,  
 And Him you'll praise for ever there.

## H Y M N CXXXVII.

**H**APPY the Man to whom 'tis giv'n  
 To eat the Bread of Life in Heav'n :  
 This Happiness in Christ we prove,  
 Who feast on his forgiving Love.

*NS* H Y M N CXXXVIII.

**F**OR all the Blessings of the Day,  
 Humble Thanksgiving let us pay :  
 And when to endless Day we soar,  
 Our praise shall be for evermore.

Hail, dear Redeemer ! live and reign,  
 Thou Lamb for sinful Mankind slain ;  
 Preserver of the ransom'd Race,  
 Exalted high in Truth and Grace !

Our Guide thou all the Day hast been,  
 O save us, Lord, from this Day's Sin :  
 Remain our Saviour still, and be  
 Our Hope, our Guard eternally.

Into thy Hands we, sinful Dust,  
 Our Souls commend, our Bodies trust :  
 Nor doubt we, but our only Friend  
 Loves, and will love us to the End.

## H Y M N CXXXIX,

Praise to the REDEEMER.

**B**EGIN, ye Saints, the happy Song,  
 Let Love inspire the Theme,  
 'Tis Jesus's Grace  
 That calls for our Praise,  
 'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.

When Justice fix'd the Sinner's Fate  
 In endless Woe to dwell,  
 'Twas Jesus that stood  
 Resisting to Blood,  
 And ransom'd the Sinner from Hell.

Our only Advocate and Friend  
 The mighty Work has wrought ;  
 When He bow'd his Head,  
*'Tis finish'd*, He said ;  
 O Sinner, exult at the Thought !

A spotless Victim to the Cross  
 Himself He thus resign'd ;  
 Then enter'd the Grave,  
 The Wretched to save,  
 The Poor, and the Halt, and the Blind.

Lo ! now in Bliss our Cause He pleads  
 'Till we behold his Face ;  
 Unchangeable Love  
 To us He will prove,  
 Eternal in Mercy and Grace

Then let us lift our loudest Praise  
To Sion's holy King ;  
He's worthy, we own,  
Who sits on the Throne ;  
Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

H Y M N CXL. John i. 14.

The WORD was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.

**W**HAT Joyful News salutes our Ears  
From yonder heav'nly Choir !  
How glorious the Song  
Of that happy Throng !  
To Him, whom *All Nations desire !*

Behold what Glories fill the Skies !  
Hear how they chant his Praise !

" *Good Tidings we bring,*  
" *Great Joy from your King ;*  
" *Fear not*" — 'Tis a Message of Grace.

" *All Glory be to God ascrib'd,*"  
Who reigns enthron'd on high ;  
" *Lo ! Peace upon Earth,*"  
At Jesus's Birth,  
" *Good-will unto Men,*" is their Cry.

Hail, " *EVERLASTING FATHER,*" Hail !  
And yet th' *INCARNATE SON ;*  
Tho' " *THE MIGHTY LORD,*"  
Thy Name be ador'd !  
An Infant in Time art become.

Welcome the dear-lov'd " PRINCE OF  
" PEACE,"

Born that we ne'er might die ;  
The " COUNSELLOR'S " Fame,  
Of " WONDERFUL " Name,

We sing in a Rapture of Joy.

Loud Hallelujahs reach the Sky

At our IMMANUEL'S Birth,

The " ANTIEN'T OF DAYS "

H's Mercy displays,

While born of a Virgin on Earth.

H Y M N CXLI.

CHRIST LORD of All,

**A**LL Hail ! the Great Immanuel's Name,  
Let Angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the Royal Diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born Seraphs tune the Lyre,  
And, as they tune it, fall  
Before his Face who tunes their Choir,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of our God,  
Who from his Altar call ;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye Morning Stars of Light,  
Who fix'd this floating Ball ;  
Now Hail the Strength of Israel's Might,  
And crown Him Lord of All.



Ye chosen Seed of Isra'l's Race,  
 Ye ransom'd of the Fall,  
 Hail Him, who saves you by his Grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Hail Him, ye Heirs of David's Line,  
 Whom David Lord did call;  
 The God Incarnate! Man Divine!  
 The crowned Lord of All.

Sinners, whose Love can ne'er forget  
 The Wormwood and the Gall,  
 Go spread your Trophies at his Feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Let ev'ry Tribe, and ev'ry Tongue,  
 That bound Creation's Ball,  
 Now shout, in universal Song,  
 The crowned Lord of All.

# H Y M N CXLII. Assurance.

**A** Debtor to Mercy alone,  
 Of covenant Mercy I sing;  
 Nor fear, with thy Righteousness on,  
 My Person and Off'ring to bring.  
 The Terrors of Law and of God  
 With me can have nothing to do;  
 My Saviour's Obedience and Blood  
 Hide all my Transgressions from View.  
 The Work which his Goodness began,  
 The Arm of his Strength will complete

His Promise is Yea and Amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet.  
 Things future, nor Things that are now,  
 Not all Things below nor above,  
 Can make him his Purpose forego,  
 Or sever my Soul from his Love.

My Name from the Palms of his Hands  
 Eternity will not erase ;  
 Imprest on his Heart it remains  
 In marks of indelible Grace.  
 Yes, I to the End shall endure,  
 As sure as the Earnest is giv'n ;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorify'd Spirits in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXLIII.

Worthy the LAMB !

**G**LORY to God on high,  
 Let Heav'n and Earth reply,  
 Praise ye his Name !

Angels, his Love adore,  
 Who all our Sorrows bore ;  
 And Saints, cry evermore,  
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

All they around the Throne  
 Chearfully join in one,  
 Praising his Name.

Z

We, who have felt his Blood  
Sealing our Peace with God,  
Sound his dear Fame abroad ;  
Worthy the Lamb !

Join, all the ransom'd Race,  
Our Lord and God to bless :  
Praise ye his Name !

In him we will rejoice,  
Making a chearful Noise ;  
And shout, with Heart and Voice,  
Worthy the Lamb !

Tho' we must change our Place,  
Yet shall we never cease  
Praising his Name :

To him we'll Tribute bring ;  
Hail him our gracious King ;  
And, without ceasing, sing,  
Worthy the Lamb !

H Y M N CXLIV. GRACE.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming Sound,  
Harmonious to the Ear :  
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,  
And all the Earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a Way  
To save rebellious Man ;  
And all the Steps did Grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

'Twas Grace that wrote my Name  
In thy eternal Book :

'Twas Grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my Sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring Feet  
To tread the heav'nly Road :  
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my Soul to pray,  
And made my Eyes o'erflow :  
'Twas Grace which kept me to this Day,  
And will not let me go.

Grace all the Work shall crown,  
Through everlasting Days :  
It lays in Heaven the top-most Stone,  
And well deserves the Praise.

O let thy Grace inspire  
My Soul with Strength divine !  
May all my Pow'rs to Thee aspire,  
And all my Days be Thine !

# H Y M N CXLV.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

**W**ITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and  
Tongue,

Ill praise my Maker in my Song ;  
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,  
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

To God I cry'd, when Troubles rose;  
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes :  
My rising Fears he did controul,  
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by his Hand :  
His Words my fainting Soul revive,  
And keep my dying Faith alive.

Grace will complete what Grace begins,  
To save from Sorrows, and from Sins ;  
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N CXLVI.

Meditation on God's Love;

**W**HEN Languor and Disease invade  
This trembling House of Clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our Cage,  
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The Whispers of his Love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the Place  
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my Name  
In Life's fair Book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal Joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how Grace divine  
My Sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember, that his Blood  
My Debt of Suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his Righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second Death ;  
Sweet to experience Day by Day  
His Spirit's quick'ning Breath.

Sweet on his Faithfulness to rest,  
Whose Love can never end ;  
Sweet on his Covenant of Grace  
For all Things to depend.

Sweet, in the Confidence of Faith,  
To trust his firm Decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his Hands,  
And know no Will but his.

If such the Sweetness of the Streams,  
What must the Fountain be,  
Where Saints and Angels draw their Bliss  
Immediately from Thee !

H Y M N CXLVII.

All my Springs are in thee. Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

**B**LESS the Lord, my Soul ; and raise  
A glad and grateful Song  
To my dear Redeemer's Praise ;  
For I to Him belong.



He, my Goodness, Strength, and God,  
In whom I live, and move, and am,  
Paid my Ransom with his Blood:  
My Portion is the Lamb.

Tho' Temptations seldom cease;  
Tho' frequent Grievs I feel;  
Yet his Spirit whispers Peace;  
And he is with me still:  
Weak of Body, sick in Soul,  
Deprest at Heart, and faint with Fears,  
His dear Presence makes me whole,  
And with sweet Comfort cheers.

O my Jesus, thou art Mine,  
With all thy Grace and Pow'r;  
I am now, and shall be Thine,  
When Time shall be no more.  
Thou reviv'st me by thy Death;  
Thy Blood from Guilt has set me free;  
My fresh Springs of Hope, and Faith,  
And Love, are all in Thee.

# H Y M N CXLVIII.

Dependence on CHRIST alone.

**I**F ever it could come to pass,  
That Sheep of Christ might fall away;  
My fickle, feeble Soul, alas!  
Would fall a thousand Times a Day.  
Were not thy Love as firm as free,  
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from Me.

I on thy Promises depend  
 (At least, I to depend desire),  
 That thou wilt love me to the End,  
 Be with me in Temptation's Fire ;  
 Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too ;  
 And guide me right, and bring me through.

No other Stay have I beside ;  
 If these can alter, I must fall ;  
 I look to Thee to be supply'd  
 With Life, with Will, with Pow'r, with All.  
 Rich Souls may glory in their Store ;  
 But Jesus will relieve the Poor.

# H Y M N CXLIX.

CHRIST the Believer's All.

**L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy Cross,  
 That alone be all our Glory ;  
 All Things else are Dung and Dross.  
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
 Only Source of all that's good ;  
 Ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Favour,  
 Come to us thro' Jesu's Blood.

Jesus gives us true Repentance  
 By his Spirit sent from Heav'n ;  
 Jesus whispers this sweet Sentence,  
 " Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n."  
 Faith he gives us to believe it,  
 Grateful Hearts his Love to prize ;

Want we Wisdom ? He must give it ;  
Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

Jesus gives us pure Affections,  
Wills to do what he requires ;  
Makes us follow his Directions,  
And what he commands, inspires.  
All our Pray'rs, and all our Praises,  
Rightly offer'd in his Name,  
He that dictates them, is Jesus ;  
He that answers, is the same.

When we live on Jesu's Merit,  
Then we worship God aright ;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Then we savingly unite.  
Hear the whole Conclusion of it,  
Great or good, whate'er we call,  
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,  
Jesus Christ is All in All.

## H Y M N C L.

## The Prodigal.

**N**OW for a wond'rous Song  
(Keep Distance, ye profane ;  
Be silent, each unhallow'd Tongue,  
Nor turn the Truth to Bane) :

The Prodigal's return'd,  
Th' Apostate bold and base ;  
That all his Father's Counsels spurn'd,  
And long abus'd his Grace.

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What Treatment since he came?

Love tenderly exprest.

What Robe is brought to hide his Shame?

The best; the very best.

Rich Food the Servants bring,

Sweet Music charms his Ears:

See what a beauteous costly Ring

The Beggar's Finger wears!

Ye elder Sons, be still;

Give no bad Passion vent:

My Brethren, 'tis our Father's Will,

And you must be content.

All that he has is Yours:

Rejoice then, not repine.

That Love that all *your* States secures,

That Love has alter'd *mine*.

Good God, are these thy Ways!

If Rebels thus are freed,

And favour'd with peculiar Grace,

Grace must be free indeed.

# H Y M N C L I.

Salvation to the LAMB.

**P**OOOR Sinner, come, cast off thy Fear,

And raise thy drooping Head;

Come, sing with all poor Sinners here,

Jesus, who once was dead.

Salvation sing; no Word more meet

To join to Jesu's Name:

Let ev'ry thankful Tongue repeat,  
*Salvation to the Lamb!*

Saints, from the Garden to the Cross  
Your conqu'ring Lord pursue,  
Who, dearly to redeem your Loss,  
Groan'd, bled, and dy'd for You :  
Now reigns victorious over Death,  
The glorious great I AM ;  
Let ev'ry Soul repeat, with Faith,  
*Salvation to the Lamb !*

When we incurr'd the Wrath of God  
(Alas! what could we worse !)  
He came, and with his own Heart's Blood  
Redeem'd us from the Curse.  
This Paschal Lamb, our heav'nly Meat,  
Was roasted in the Flame :  
Repeat, ye ransom'd Souls, repeat,  
*Salvation to the Lamb !*

# H Y M N CLII.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to  
the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of  
Jerusalem, for Sin and for Uncleaness. Zech.  
xiii. 1.

**T**H E Fountain of Christ,  
Assist me to sing.  
The Blood of our Priest,  
Our crucify'd King;  
Which perfectly cleanses  
From Sin, and from Filth ;

And richly dispenses  
Salvation and Health.

This Fountain so dear  
He'll freely impart ;  
Unlock'd by the Spear,  
It gush'd from his Heart :  
With Blood, and with Water,  
The first to atone ;  
To cleanse us the latter ;  
The Fountain's but One.

This Fountain is such  
(As Thousands can tell),  
The Moment we touch  
It's Streams, we are well.  
All Waters beside them  
Are full of the Curse ;  
For all that have try'd them  
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

This Fountain, sick Soul,  
Recovers thee quite ;  
Bathe here, and be whole ;  
Wash here, and be white ;  
Whatever Diseases  
Or Dangers befall,  
The Fountain from Jesus  
Will rid thee of all.

This Fountain from Guilt  
Not only makes pure,



And gives, soon as felt,  
 - Infallible Cure;  
 But if Guilt removed  
 Return, and remain,  
 Its Pow'r may be proved  
 Again, and again.

This Fountain unseal'd  
 Stands open for all  
 That long to be heal'd,  
 The Great and the Small;  
 Here's Strength for the Weakly,  
 That higher are led;  
 Here's Health for the Sickly,  
 Here's Life for the Dead.

This Fountain, tho' rich,  
 From Charge is quite clear;  
 The poorer the Wretch  
 The welcomer here.  
 Come needy, come guilty,  
 Come loathsome and bare;  
 You can't come too filthy—  
 Come just as you are.

This Fountain in vain  
 Has never been try'd;  
 It takes out all Stain,  
 Whenever apply'd:  
 The Water flows sweetly  
 With Virtue divine,  
 To cleanse Souls completely,  
 Tho' leprous as mine.

H Y M N CLIII.

The Name of JESUS.

**H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a Believer's Ear!

It soothes his Sorrows, heals his Wounds,  
And drives away his Fear.

It makes the wounded Spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled Breast;

'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul,  
And to the Weary, Rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding Place;

My never-failing Treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless Stores of Grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the Praise I bring.

Weak is the Effort of my Heart,  
And cold my warmest Thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy Love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting Breath;

And may the Music of thy Name  
Refresh my Soul in Death!

## H Y M N CLIV.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

**T**HERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood  
 Drawn from Immanuel's Veins ;  
 And Sinners, plung'd beneath that Flood,  
 Lose all their guilty Stains.

The dying Thief rejoic'd to see  
 That Fountain in his Day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my Sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious Blood  
 Shall never lose its Pow'r,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by Faith, I saw the Stream  
 Thy flowing Wounds supply,  
 Redeeming Love has been my Theme,  
 And shall be till I die,

Then in a nobler sweeter Song,  
 I'll sing thy Pow'r to save ;  
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring Tongue  
 Lies silent in the Grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy tho' I be)  
 For me a Blood-bought free Reward,  
 A golden Harp for me !

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless Years,  
 And form'd by Pow'r divine ;

To found, in God the Father's Ears;  
No other Name but thine.

H Y M N CLV.

The POOL of BETHESDA.

**B**ESIDE the Gospel Pool,  
Appointed for the Poor;  
From Year to Year, my helpless Soul  
Has waited for a Cure.

How often have I seen  
The healing Waters move;  
And others, round me, stepping in,  
Their Efficacy prove!

But my Complaints remain,  
I feel the very same;  
As full of Guilt, and Fear, and Pain,  
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear,  
My Malady to heal!  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what Distress I feel.

How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the Mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I!

But whither can I go?  
There is no other Pool,  
Where Streams of sov'reign Virtue flow,  
To make a Sinner whole.

Here then, from Day to Day,  
 I'll wait, and hope, and try;  
 Can Jesus hear a Sinner pray,  
 Yet suffer him to die?

No: he is full of Grace;  
 He never will permit  
 A Soul that fain would see his Face,  
 To perish at his Feet.

## H Y M N CLVI.

Light shining out of Darkness.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious Way,  
 His Wonders to perform;  
 He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,  
 And rides upon the Storm.

Deep in unfathomable Mines  
 Of never-failing Skill,  
 He treasures up his bright Designs,  
 And works his sov'reign Will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take,  
 The Clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with Mercy, and shall break  
 In Blessings on your Head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,  
 But trust him for his Grace;  
 Behind a frowning Providence,  
 He hides a smiling Face.

His Purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry Hour ;  
The Bud may have a bitter Taste,  
But sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his Work in vain ;  
God is his own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CLVII.

Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation.  
Isa. lxi. 10.

**A** WAKE, my Heart ; arise, my Tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful Voice :  
In God, the Life of all my Joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Twas he adorn'd my naked Soul,  
And made Salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor polluted Worm  
He makes his Graces shine :

And lest the Shadow of a Spot  
Should on my Soul be found,  
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly Robe exceeds  
What earthly Princes wear !  
These Ornaments, how bright they shine !  
How white the Garments are !



The Spirit wrought my Faith, my Love,  
 And Hope, and ev'ry Grace ;  
 But Jesus spent his Life to work  
 The Robe of Righteousness.

Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd  
 By the great Sacred Three !  
 In sweetest Harmony of Praise  
 Let all thy Pow'rs agree.

## H Y M N CLVIII.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials  
 on Earth.

**W**HEN I can read my Title clear  
 To Mansions in the Skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,  
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,  
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd ;  
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,  
 And face a frowning World.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,  
 And Storms of Sorrow fall ;  
 May I but safely reach my Home,  
 My God, my Heav'n, my All !

There shall I bathe my weary Soul  
 In Seas of heav'nly Rest,  
 And not a Wave of Trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful Breast.

DISMISSION.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing,  
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace;  
Let us each, thy Love possessing,  
Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*.

O refresh us, O refresh us, O, &c.  
Trav'ling through this Wilderness.

*Thanks* we give and *Adoration*  
For thy *Gospel's* joyful Sound;  
May the Fruits of thy Salvation  
In our *Hearts* and *Lives* be found.  
May thy Presence, &c.  
With us evermore be found!

So, whene'er the Signal's given,  
Us from Earth to call away,  
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,  
Glad the Summons to obey,  
May we ever, &c.  
Reign with Christ in endless Day!

The Same.

**I**F Jesus is yours, You have a true Friend,  
His Goodness endures, The same to the end;  
Your Tempers may vary, Your Comforts de-  
(cline,  
You cannot miscarry, Your Aid is divine.

The Same.

**T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend;  
 Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r,  
 And neither knows Measure nor End.  
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

The Same.

**S**alvation! O the joyful Sound!  
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ears!  
 A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,  
 A Cordial for our Fears!  
 Salvation! let the Echo fly  
 The spacious Earth around;  
 While all the Armies of the Sky  
 Conspire to raise the Sound.

## C H O R U S.

Glory, Honour, Praise, and Power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever!  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Praise ye the Lord.

The Same.

**D** Ismiss us with thy Blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy Word :  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy Truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,  
 Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood ;  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul Release,  
 And bid us all depart in Peace.

The Same.

**O** UR Lives, our Blood we here present,  
 If for thy Sake they may be spent ;  
 Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord,  
 Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.

The Same.

**G** IVE us thy Strength, thou God of Pow'r,  
 Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar,  
 Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be ;  
 'Tis fixt—we can do all through thee.

The Same.

**M** ERCY, good Lord, Mercy I crave ;  
 This is the total Sum ;  
 For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,  
 Lord, let thy Mercy come !

The Same.

**N**O farther go to Night, but stay,  
 Dear Saviour, 'till the Break of Day,  
 Turn in, dear Lord, with me;  
 And in the Morning, when I wake,  
 Me in thine Arms, my Jesus, take,  
 And I'll go on with Thee.

The Same.

**I** Will lay me down to sleep,  
 And safely take my Rest;  
 Me commend to Jesu's Grace,  
 And lean upon his Breast.  
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,  
 While Troops of Angels are my Guard;  
 O, my Shepherd, love and keep,  
 And be my great Reward!

The Same.

**N**ONE but Jesus will we sing,  
 None else will we adore;  
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 Shall be for evermore.  
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 No one on Earth, our Praise may claim;  
 None but Jesus call we ours,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb!

## DOXOLOGIES.

**P**Raise God, from whom all Blessings flow ;  
 Praise him, all Creatures here below ;  
 Praise him, above, ye heav'nly Host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
 Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
 Join we with the heav'nly Host  
 To praise thee evermore.  
 Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,  
 Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 All Glory be to Thee !

**S**ING we to our God above,  
 Praise, eternal as his Love ;  
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly Host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

**T**O God who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,  
 Our Guilt and Curse t' remove ;  
 To that blest Spir't, who Life imparts,  
 Who rules in all believing Hearts,  
 Be endless Glory, Praise, and Love !